

(1926, August, Berlin to Warsaw.

E--1980.

Tuesday, the 3d, clear and pleasant. ~~At~~ I was up at 7 a.m., had breakfast, settled my account, and was taken to the railway station 30 minutes before the train came in. A party of moving picture actors ^{was} ~~were~~ on the platform and men with cameras to take a picture of the train as it came ^h ~~rushing~~ in and was brought to a stop and the actors went through a performance which no doubt they had rehearsed before. Also my attention was attracted to a very large and stout lady wearing a very thin dress, through which one could see a pair of stout legs, pink stockings and garters, bare thighs, an abbreviated underskirt trimmed with lace. She seemed utterly oblivious of the display she was making.

The train that came in with a rush was the Nord Express from Calais, and left almost immediately. We reached the German boundary at 11.30 a.m. From Berlin we had come through a flat country of almost pure sand and covered with trees. Later we came through some farming country, although the soil was still poor sand, ~~and~~ some of the crops were excellent, due probably to the liberal use of fertilizer and plentiful rain. Two hours farther along we began to see large ^e farms, large grain fields, and exceptionally large beet fields. Most of the grain was harvested. Harvesting machines seemed to be in general use. Also there were sheds for storing the unthreshed grain. Frankfort on the Oder seemed to be a small city and the river was about two hundred yards wide and flowing between marshes and low banks green with rushes. Beyond the Oder the country became more undulating with many great sand dunes covered with pine trees. Many of them were thirty or forty feet high and beginning to die at the top. In this section were very few towns or villages or people, and the principal industries seemed to be the growing of pines, poles, and potatoes. We passed a large area of tall pines with the ground underneath

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Tuesday, the 3d, clear and pleasant. At 7 a.m. I was up at the railway had breakfast, settled my account, and was taken to the railway station 50 minutes before the train came in. A party of moving picture actors were on the platform and men with cameras to take a picture of the train as it came rushing in and was brought to a stop and the actors went through a performance which no doubt they had rehearsed before. Also my attention was attracted to a very large and stout lady wearing a very thin dress, through which one could see a pair of stout legs, pink stockings and garters, bare thighs, an abbreviated undershirt trimmed with lace. She seemed utterly oblivious of the display she was making.

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E--1981.

was entirely covered with bracken. We passed Ostrow at 4 p.m. Before reaching this city we passed through a rich farming country, nearly flat, with alternating cultivated fields and areas planted to forest trees. After leaving the German border the soil became darker in color. Apparently it is a sandy loam. We passed through many large estates with broad fields of sugar beets, wheat, oats, and potatoes. The farm buildings were neat and substantial, some of them with thatched roofs. Curiously enough the oats in this section were riper than farther south. On the larger estates machinery was used and the harvest was completed. Then we ran into a section of strip farming where only about half the grain had been harvested. Men and women were harvesting these strips, the men cutting the straw with small cradles (scythes with wooden prongs to catch the straw) and the women were tying it into sheaves. In one field I saw a large three-story stack nearing completion. A wagon load of sheaves was drawn up alongside the stack. Above the wagon against the stack ^{were two} ~~was a~~ crude platforms ^{on each of} which stood two husky young women. Two men on the wagon passed the heavy sheaves up on forks, the two women on the lower platform caught the sheaves with their forks and passed them up to another husky pair of maidens on the second platform, who in turn passed them to the top where half a dozen young women placed the sheaves in position. The women working in the field wore neither shoes nor stockings. They wore an apron in front and a piece of cloth over their heads.

At 6.30 p.m. we reached Lodz, a city of smokestacks and railroad yards. The station was at some distance from the city. At 7 p.m. I went forward to the diner for supper. Through the window I saw an unusually brilliant sunset. The sky was like an inverted ocean of liquid fire, and as the sun sank it looked as

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(1926, August, Warsaw. .

E--1982.

if ^egrat flames were racing along the horizon. The meals on this train de luxe were rather unsatisfactory and cost \$1.75. We were passing through a country fair to look at, but the crops growing in the loess soil were not uniform, some being good and others very poor. At one place I counted twenty women and girls tending cows and sheep in a swamp meadow.

We reached Warsaw at 8.45, ~~and~~ I was driven to the Hotel Europeiske, and ~~X~~ was given a small outside room on the fourth floor with bath and nearly the length of a city block from the elevator. After brushing up I went for a short walk to stretch my legs. The city seemed very dark and rather primitive after Berlin, but the street was crowded with pedestrians. I stepped in-~~xxxx~~ to a restaurant and had a cognac and a cigar.

Wednesday, Aug. 4, opened with bright sunshine and closed with showers. Had breakfast in my room, made up my laundry to be returned in three days, and left films to be developed at a photographers. Then I called on the American Consul, Mr. Jaeckel, who was very courteous and turned me over to Mr. Markiesoviz, a large man of fine appearance who said he had lived many years in Great Britain. Also I met several other employes, including an employe of the American Finance Commission that was trying to help Poland straighten out her financial difficulties. He said that the old Polish currency had been repudiated, the same as the German mark, and that the ^{new} currency was following the ~~old~~ franc; that all financial relationships and prices had been adjusted to the new currency, but that violent fluctuations in ^{its} ~~the~~ value of the ~~new currency~~ threatened to destroy those adjustments. My guide arranged for an interview in the afternoon with the Central Bureau of Statistics, and with the minister of Agriculture the following day. I walked back to the hotel, and on the way found a

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(1926, August, Warsaw.

E--1983.

place with some cigars in a showcase. I bought the entire stock.

Returning to the ~~C~~onsulate a young man was assigned to conduct me to the Soviet Consulate. He took me to the building but would not enter on the ground that he was an employe of the U.S. government that refused to have any relations with the Soviet government. There I obtained access to the secretary of the Soviet Consul and inquired whether a permit to enter Russia had been received upon my application through the Soviet Consul at Rome. A search was made without finding any record of such a permit. The secretary advised me to telegraph to the Soviet Consul at Rome. I asked if I might see the Consul and after a short wait I was admitted and found myself before an agreeable looking gentleman. I asked if he understood English and he shook his head. I got the same response regarding French, Spanish, and Portuguese, but when I asked "Parla Italiana," he smiled and promptly replied, "Si, si, Signor," and added that he had spent a year as an attache to the Soviet Legation at Rome, had learned the language and had many friends in Rome. After explaining my business he advised me to telegraph the Soviet Consul in Rome, thus confirming the advice of his secretary. I came away feeling that it was useless to deal directly with the Soviet Consuls, nothing having so far developed from repeated applications.

In the afternoon Mr. Markiesoviz accompanied me to the Central Bureau of Statistics, where I had a very satisfactory interview with Mr. ~~Starr~~ Sturm de Strem, chief of the agricultural statistical division. The fact that we had met in Rome, were already acquainted, and he was thoroughly familiar with the census project, made my mission simple. Next I visited the Commercial Attache, Mr. Allen, whom I found to be a very agreeable gentleman and exceptionally well informed concerning conditions in Russia, having been with the relief expedition to that country

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(1926, August, Warsaw..

E--1984.

in 1923. He expressed the opinion that the statistics of Russia were ~~are~~/conflicting and that the Russian officials were organized against the whole world and were very suspicious. He thought that the exportable grain in Russia would not reach prewar proportions for many years. He said that machinery could and probably would be used on the large farms of southern Russia, but that in other parts of the country where large estates had been divided up among the peasants there had been great deterioration, such farm machinery as there was had been worn out and was not being replaced, and production had fallen off greatly. I mentioned the difficulty I had experienced in getting a permit to enter Russia and remarked that I thought of asking the British legation to try to get one for me. He expressed the opinion that the Italian Legation might be more successful, because the British government was not popular with the Soviet government since the great coal strike.

I returned to the hotel to write up my notes for the day. Seeing some sunlight outside I went out to take some pictures, but found nothing at that late hour. I bought some postcards and walked down a side street thinking I would return by way of a park I had seen. The street took me down hill through an old part of the city where I saw some depressing slums, worse than those of Naples, evidence of extreme poverty. I encountered many abject beggars, more than I had seen in any other city, and there seemed to be very few cross streets. I made a complete circle, climbed the hill, and came back to my starting point without seeing the park I had started out to see.

After a very satisfactory supper I retired to my room and got into a suit of heavy woolen pajamas. I was suffering from an attack of exzema, or hives, which often followed overexertion

in 1925. He expressed the opinion that the statistics of Russia were conflicting and that the Russian officials were organized against the whole world and were very suspicious. He thought that the exportable grain in Russia would not reach previous proportions for many years. He said that machinery could and probably would be used on the large farms of southern Russia, but that in other parts of the country where large estates had been divided up among the peasants there had been great deterioration, such farm machinery as there was had been worn out and was not being replaced, and production had fallen off greatly. I mentioned the difficulty I had experienced in getting a permit to enter Russia and remarked that I thought of asking the British Legation to try to get one for me. He expressed the opinion that the Italian Legation might be more successful, because the British Government was not popular with the Soviet Government since the great coal strike.

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(1926, Warsaw, August.

E--1985.

and fatigue or a chill. From experience I found that the malady could be alleviated and overcome by a warm bath daily, but this time none was available for several days and I suffered accordingly. The hotel had an orchestra that played in the evening but their music was not nearly so good as I heard at the hotels in Buc^harest, Vienna, Prague, and Berlin.

Thursday, the 5th, was fair with sunshine and showers. After breakfast I went into the park near the hotel and took some pictures. At the Consulate I was told that my appointment with the Minister of Agriculture had been postponed until 11.30 a.m. Just then a telephone message came that it was postponed until noon. I put in the intervening time looking about for objects of interest to photograph.

Promptly at noon I called at the Ministry of Agriculture. It was housed in a low, two-story building of stone or stucco, with large rooms, inlaid floors, and a pretty garden in an interior court. The secretary of the minister spoke French and conducted me into a large room. The Minister came in a few minutes later. He was a man of middle age, complexion creamy white, hair black, and wore a mustache. He was very cordial and asked me which language I preferred, saying he spoke seven or eight languages with equal facility. However, he had so much difficulty in understanding my English, although I took pains to speak slowly and distinctly, that I tried French. His own version of English and French were both unintelligible to me. Then he sent for a young lady who spoke English very well and who acted as our interpreter. I had great difficulty in making him understand what a census is and what his department had to do with it. Apparently he was so ignorant of agricultural statistics and the part they played in agricultural marketing and planning that it was useless to try to enlighten him in the short time available, so I assured him

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(1926, August, Warsaw.

E--1986.

that the agricultural census would be taken by the Central Bureau of Statistics, that such a census would be extremely useful if Poland desired to borrow capital from other countries, ~~and~~ that the officials of his department could be of great help to the statistical bureau, and that the International Institute of Agriculture would like to know if he would authorize his officials to cooperate fully with the statistical bureau in the taking of the census. This he readily agreed to, and ^{that} was all I wanted to know. I was sure that he had not the remotest idea of what a census is.

P However, when I began to ask questions about Polish agriculture and what his department was doing to promote agriculture, I found that he knew a lot about it and was glad to talk about it. He said the principal problem, or two problems, was that of dividing up the large estates among the peasants and the consolidation of the small peasant strips that had resulted from repeated subdivision among heirs. When I expressed interest in these problems, he asked if I knew Dr. Gray and Prof. Sanderson, and when I said that Dr. Gray was in charge of a division in my Bureau at Washington and that I had met Prof. Sanderson at Rome, he seemed greatly pleased, because both had called at his department and had shown great interest in the agrarian problem and had visited a number of Polish villages. With reference to the consolidation of small holdings, he mentioned one well-to-do peasant who had acquired by inheritance, marriage, and purchase, 62 separate plots of ground scattered over a large area, and ^{he said} that the idea of the department was to induce the peasants to exchange their isolated holdings so that each could have a piece of ground large enough to justify the use of horsepower and machinery. While our interview had begun badly because of the language difficulty and the minister's ignorance of the subject of my mission, it ended agreeably and satisfactorily with the promise of the full cooperation of his

that the agricultural census would be taken by the Central Bureau of Statistics, that such a census would be extremely useful in Poland desired to borrow capital from other countries, and that the officials of his department could be of great help to the statistical bureau, and that the International Institute of Agriculture would like to know if he would authorize his officials to cooperate fully with the statistical bureau in the taking of the census. This he readily agreed to, and was all I wanted to know. I was sure that he had not the remotest idea of what a census is. However, when I began to ask questions about Polish agriculture and what his department was doing to promote agriculture, I found that he knew a lot about it and was glad to talk about it. He said the principal problem, or two problems, was that of dividing up the large estates among the peasants and the consolidation of the small peasant strips that had resulted from repeated subdivision among heirs. When I expressed interest in these problems, he asked if I knew Dr. Gray and Prof. Sanderson, and when I said that Dr. Gray was in charge of a division in my Bureau at Washington and that I had met Prof. Sanderson at Rome, he seemed greatly pleased, because both had called at his department and had shown great interest in the agrarian problem and had visited a number of Polish villages. With reference to the consolidation of small holdings, he mentioned one well-to-do peasant who had acquired by inheritance, marriage, and purchase, 62 separate plots of ground scattered over a large area, and that the idea of the department was to induce the peasants to exchange their isolated holdings so that each could have a piece of ground large enough to justify the use of horsepower and machinery. While our interview had begun badly because of the language difficulty and the minister's ignorance of the subject of my mission, it ended agreeably and satisfactorily with the promise of the full cooperation of his

department.

Returning to the hotel I had a very unsatisfactory lunch, costing 23.50 slotie, or about \$2.50. I was thoroughly provoked at the quality of the food, the service, and the outrageous price. I called at the office of the Commerical Attache, but he was out. Then began to look up the shortest route to Kaunas, or Kovno, two names of the capital of Lithuania, and was unsuccessful. I learned for the first time that Poland and Lithuania were quarreling over territory and a state of war existed along the frontier so that one could not go directly from one country to the other, the border being patrolled by troops on both sides.

After a long walk I found a dealer with a small supply of cigars and I bought them all. Then I explored the business section in search of some photographic films. After much inquiry I found a photographic establishment in some rooms on an inner court, without any sign outside to indicate ^{its} ~~his~~ whereabouts or the nature of ^{its} ~~his~~ business. Inside were some cameras and photographic supplies and a young lady behind the counter. She understood no English, German, or French, and I no Polish; so I showed her a film I had in my pocket, counted six slowly in German, and also with my fingers, and pulled out my purse, but she looked at me and my motions with indifference. Then I unlimbered my kodak and went through the motions of putting a film in it. She was but mildly interested in either the kodak or the film, looked at them as if she had never seen anything like them before, and deliberately turned away and sat down with her back to me. I felt like shaking her for her stupidity and indifference. Just then an elderly German with a gray beard came in and I turned to him for help. He understood instantly what I wanted and growled something that made the young woman jump and she brought out

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Returning to the hotel I had a very unsatisfactory lunch, costing \$3.50 alone, or about \$2.50. I was thoroughly provoked at the quality of the food, the service, and the outrageous price. I called at the office of the Commercial Attache, but he was out. Then began to look up the shortest route to Kowno, or Kovno, two names of the capital of Lithuania, and was unsuccessful. I learned for the first time that Poland and Lithuania were quarreling over territory and a state of war existed along the frontier so that one could not go directly from one country to the other, the border being patrolled by troops on both sides. After a long walk I found a dealer with a small supply of cigars and I bought them all. Then I explored the business section in search of some photographic films. After much inquiry I found a photographic establishment in some rooms on an inner court, without any sign outside to indicate his whereabouts or the nature of his business. Inside were some cameras and photographic supplies and a young lady behind the counter. She understood no English, German, or French, and I no Polish; so I showed her a film I had in my pocket, counted six slowly in German, and also with my fingers, and pulled out my purse, but she looked at me and my motions with indifference. Then I unlabeled my Kodak and went through the motions of putting a film in it. She was but mildly interested in either the Kodak or the film. I looked at them as if she had never seen anything like them before, and deliberately turned away and sat down with her back to me. I felt like shaking her for her stupidity and indifference. Just then an elderly German with a grey beard came in and I turned to him for help. He understood instantly what I wanted and guided something that made the young woman jump and she brought out

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E--1988.

a supply of films promptly. I was profuse in my thanks to the older gentleman for his timely aid, and he by manner and speech expressed the utmost contempt for the stupid young woman. Then I looked up the place where I had left my Berlin films to be developed and one print of each made. I found that the films had been developed, but no prints had been made and the clerk said none could be made within three days.

I took a long walk to a point from which I had a good view of the old bridge that crosses the river. Then I followed the street down hill towards a park I had seen at a distance only to find that the street was completely blocked by a large building surrounded by trees. There was no outlet, so I had to retrace my steps. Returning to the hotel I wrote some letters and postcards. I bought an old American newspaper on display in a newsstand and sat in the hotel lobby reading it until 9 p.m., and waiting for Mr. Sturm de Strem, but he failed to keep his appointment. In the hotel dining room I had a satisfactory supper for less than half what the luncheon had cost me. In the evening I worked on my accounts. It was so cool that I wore an overcoat in the room.

(Miss Broad, Aug.5, ~~gray~~ folder.

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room.

(Miss Broad, Aug. 5, grey folder.

"Warsaw, 5 August 1926.

"Dear Miss Broad:

"At the American Consulate here yesterday I received your letter of July 31 and the inclosed passport photographs, for which please accept my thanks. At Berlin last week I received your previous letter with inclosures.

"At Berlin I had developed the film taken at the Casetta on July 22 and asked that two prints be made of each so that I could send you two copies of yourself. However, the photographer made only one each and there was not enough time to make others. I am sending both ^{to} you as souvenirs of our last day at the office together.

"I had a very pleasant journey from Rome to Prague, especially the second day from Venice to Salzburg, most of the distance being through the Alps of northern Italy and southern Austria. The scenery was very satisfying, forest-clad mountains, snow-covered peaks, garden valleys, neat houses and villages, golden grain fields, winding roads, and crystal clear, swift-flowing streams.

"Prague I found to be a very beautiful and interesting city with a maroon colored river flowing through it, many bridges, and on one side high hills crowned with ~~cat~~ cathedrals and imposing buildings and parks. The most interesting feature to me was an old stone bridge with low arches and a row of statues on each side, said to have been constructed in 1356, and still in use.

"The daylight trip from Prague to Berlin was very enjoyable, especially through the mountains along the upper reaches of the Elb. Sorry I could not stop off at Dresden, where I caught glimpses of cathedrals, spires, and towers that looked interesting. Near Drss-den I saw some of the finest agriculture, including the best wheat,

I have ever seen. Here also I saw the first machine harvesters in the fields I encountered in all the countries of south Europe. Then, about 75 miles north of Dresden, the country flattened out, the soil became more and more sandy and poorer in quality and a larger proportion was devoted to systematic forestry, with blocks of pine and spruce of different ages so that timber crops can be harvested in succession.

"I was somewhat disappointed in Berlin, which I found to be an overgrown modern city, similar but less interesting than either London or New York, which it follows as the third largest in the world. I think the trouble with Berlin is the dead uniformity in type and size of streets and buildings. Exception must be made, of course, in favor of the great boulevard 'Unter den Linden' and the 'Tiergarten,' and some of the public buildings, many of which are magnificent. I greatly admired the systematic and efficient way in which things are done in Berlin. Everything is clean, everything functions, everything is plainly labeled, and in American slang, the people 'get a move on.' Prices in Berlin are terrific, at least to an American, higher than I have encountered elsewhere; except cigars, which are of good quality and cheap in price. It was a joy to me to see real cigar stores again with a great variety of cigars in attractive boxes on display. I spent last Sunday forenoon in the National Art Gallery and found some of the paintings very pleasing.

"Tuesday I made the daylight trip from Berlin to Warsaw. The country this side of Berlin for several hours was almost pure sand and given up almost entirely to silviculture. Then, after crossing the border into Poland, the character of the soil changed from sand to loess and agriculture began to predominate. The region around Pozno was especially attractive and the crops magnifi-

cent, potatoes being especially prevalent. Never saw so many potatoes in my life, although I have seen Aroostock County in Maine which specializes on potatoes, and the region around Tandyl in Argentina, which is famous for its potatoes. I shall be curious to learn how the enormous crop of potatoes in Poland and Germany is utilized; surely there are not enough people in the world to eat them all. Probably they go into alcohol or starch.

"Yesterday and today I have been exceedingly busy interviewing officials. I shall finish tomorrow and will probably have to proceed to Riga first and then to Kaunas, because I am told that a state of war exists between Poland and Lithuania and one can no longer go direct.

"In all these countries I have met with the same courteous reception and promises of cooperation in the census project.

"I see and hear many amusing things which I have no time to describe. For example, I walked more than an mile and spent at least an hour this afternoon trying to find a place where I could buy some photographic films for my kodak. Ultimately I found one in a tumble-down interior court--the only clue being a glass case near the entrance on the street with some photographic prints in it and above it the legend 'F Fotograf Zlad' with a man's name ending in 'Czinski.'

"Many thanks for your promptness in forwarding my home letters. I shall miss your letters and your familiar signature, which always brought before me a vision of your smiling face, the Casetta, and the attractive surroundings.

"With very best wishes for your future happiness, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

(1926, August, Warsaw.

E--1989.

Friday, the 6th. After breakfast I walked about a mile to the American Consulate. I had one of the employes call up Mr. Sturm de Strem about our appointment the previous evening. He said he called twice at the hotel, once in the afternoon and again in the evening and was told I was out, and he had not thought to leave either his name or his card. He accepted my invitation to take supper with me at the hotel that evening.

One of the employes at the Consulate had said the art gallery was in the next square and I tried to find it, but did not succeed although I walked around the square, and the adjoining squares several times looking for it. Then I walked to the new concrete bridge and nearly across it. It looked as if it might be a mile across, including the viaduct approaches. The river is broad and swift. The lowland between the river and the hill on which the city is built was occupied by factories, lumberyards, and old dwellings. On the other side of the river near the end of the bridge were rows of bathhouses, some suburban dwellings and stores, and beyond was open farming country. When I returned to the end of the bridge I was tired from my long walks, but as no conveyance of any sort appeared there was nothing for it but to continue walking until I reached the hotel.

I drove to the office of the Commercial Attache at noon and waited nearly an hour for him to appear. He said he had talked with several persons who had had difficulty in getting permits to enter Russia and all of them expressed the opinion that I would fare better if I personally followed up my original private application than I would if the diplomatic officials of any country took an interest in the matter, all because the Soviet officials were so extremely suspicious. Their suggestion was that

W-1282.

Warsaw, August, 1926.

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(1926, August, Warsaw.

E--1990.

I ask~~ed~~ the Soviet Consul in Warsaw to telegraph both to the consul at Rome and to the authorities in Moscow requesting that a permit for me be telegraphed to the Soviet Consul at Riga. I was informed that the Soviet Consulate closed at 1 p.m. for the day, so I could do nothing about it that afternoon. While waiting in the office of the Commercial Attache I talked with his young lady assistant about Polish crop conditions. She was very intelligent and well informed. I asked what was done with the potato crop, of which I had seen large areas. She said the the previous year Poland raised 22 million quintals (more than two million metric tons), that potatoes are a principal article of diet, either boiled or baked, of the Polish people, great quantities are exported to Germany, and other great quantities are used in making alcohol.

After an excellent luncheon I got the address of the art gallery from the hotel porter, but as this meant nothing to me I had him write it down and then took a taxie and was driven half way around the block. The driver and I both smiled as I paid him his fare. I paid the equivalent of 35 cents to enter the gallery, but once inside I saw some pleasing pictures and statuary. The pictures of snow scenes were especially good, as also were those of peasant life. There were a number of pictures of horses and battle scenes. One of them ^{that} depicts a team of horses las^hed to a furious gallop by their driver was spoiled for me by the fact that the wheels of the vehicle appeared to be motionless.

After viewing the gallery I walked down hill to the old iron bridge and crossed to the other side, where I took several pictures, one of a cathedral and another of a synagogue. Returning to the city end of the bridge I walked through the slums.

(1926, August, Warsaw.

E--1990.

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After an excellent luncheon I got the address of the art gallery from the hotel porter, but as this meant nothing to me I had him write it down and then took a taxi and was driven half way around the block. The driver and I both smiled as I paid him his fare. I paid the equivalent of 55 cents to enter the gallery, but once inside I saw some pleasing pictures and statuary. The pictures of snow scenes were especially good, as also were those of peasant life. There were a number of pictures of horses and battle scenes. One of them depicts a team of horses leaped to a furious gallop by their driver was spoiled for me by the fact that the wheels of the vehicle appeared to be motionless.

After viewing the gallery I walked down hill to the old iron bridge and crossed to the other side, where I took several pictures, one of a cathedral and another of a synagogue. Returning to the city end of the bridge I walked through the alms.

(1925, August, Warsaw.

E--1991.

On one of the streets I saw a most picturesque Jewish peddler and tried to get him to pose in a good light for a snap shot, but he refused and gave me such ugly looks that I turned away. As I did so I adjusted my kodak for business and when he stepped out of the shadow I turned quickly and pressed the button, and then walked away before he realized what had happened.

I stopped at a restaurant near the hotel and was surprised to learn that it served only coffee, tea, or chocolate. However, I found a small place around the corner from the restaurant where I got a good glass of beer for seven cents. When the waiter learned that I was an American he became quite talkative. He said he had lived in the United States and had a small restaurant in Chicago; that he left to serve eleven months with the expeditionary force in France; that he could not return to the United States because his papers had not been completed. He was eager to learn something about the soldiers bonus and the prospect of a bill that would permit him and others in his situation to return to the United States. He said that times were very hard in Poland because of lack of work, no money, and high cost of living. He volunteered the information that the country was full of people who would not work.

After a short rest in my room I went down to the lobby and within a few minutes Mr. Sturm de Strem entered. We had an excellent supper in the restaurant. He talked freely about the difficulties of his bureau and about the agricultural situation. We spent a very pleasant evening together and separated at 11.40 p.m. He said that the poverty of Poland was due to the fact that it was the seat of war and was ravaged by the contending armies, and that the Germans systematically destroyed their industrial plants, their bridges, and their railways.

(1922, August, Warsaw. W-1991.

On one of the streets I saw a most picturesque Jewish peddler and tried to get him to pose in a good light for a snap shot, but he refused and gave me such ugly looks that I turned away. As I did so I adjusted my kiosk for business and when he stepped out of the shadow I turned quickly and pressed the button, and then walked away before he realized what had happened.

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(1926, August, Warsaw.

~~E-1992~~ 2246

After my guest left I stepped out on the street for a last look and a breath of fresh air and a walk around the block before retiring. Just around the first corner a pretty young woman approached and greeted me in French. She asked if I was stopping long in Warsaw and whether I liked the hotel, and when I ~~had~~ answered that I expected to leave in a few days and that I had seen better hotels in other cities, she asked the number of my room. Without think^{ing}, or rather because I was thinking of the correct answer in French, I gave it to her, and immediately regretted it, and then thought^t that it would make no difference because I had not mentioned the name of the hotel. Then, standing a few feet from me with smiling face and bright eyes, she asked if I did not think she was pretty. Of course I responded, "Vous etes tres belle, mademoiselle," "Very well," she said "I will visit you in your room tonight." "No, no, mademoiselle, it cannot be; I have not invited you, and the hotel will not permit it," I replied. With that she gave me a rougish smile, laughed softly, said "Au revoir, m^{onsieur}," and with a wave of the hand turned and walked rapidly away. "Well," I thought, "that is a new, interesting, and very attractive specimen to be listed in my sociological experiences."

I returned to my room and prepared to retire for the night, but before doing so put on a dressing gown and began to write up my notes for the day. Within a quarter of an hour there was a knock at my door. It was after midnight and I wondered what the porter could want at that hour and I felt just a little peevish at being interrupted. ^{I opened} Opening the door. Instantly mademoiselle stepped inside, closed the door softly and turned the key, and faced me smiling. "But," mademoiselle," I said, "I did not ask you to come; I said you should not come, and that the hotel

would not permit it. How did you know what hotel I was stopping at? How did you get in?" "What difference does it make," she replied. "I am here. You said I was pretty. You said I should not come to your room, but ~~I know~~ you know you wanted me to come. You said the hotel would not let me come in, but I came in. I knew the name of your hotel without being told because I saw you enter and leave it several times. I even knew the number of your room, because the elevator man is my friend. When I met you this evening you acted like a gentleman and I knew that you wanted me but were too much of a gentleman to acknowledge it, and too much of a gentleman to send me away." ^PWith that she ^{ew}through her arms about my neck, kissed me, and ruffled my hair. "But, see here, my dear," I responded, "I am a stranger in a strange city, and this is the first time a strange lady has entered my room at night; I must have more information. You are doing this because of necessity, to earn some money; is it not so? Now tell me just what you expected to earn by this evening's exploit and by invading my private chamber." "Oh, but you Americans are mercenary," she replied; "as if it were a matter of money only, but if you must know ~~YenxavanesVxx~~ I will say that I expected you as an American to make a liberal present." "I am, sorry, mademoiselle, but you have been mistaken; it is true that I am an American, but I am a poor man and cannot afford to be liberal or to make presents; I am traveling and must know in advance exactly what every thing costs. I am sorry you are disappointed." ^P"But you said I was pretty and surely you can make me a present of--" and she named the equivalent of about three dollars. "Of course you can," she continued; "and now forget about the horrid money; just think how pretty I am;" you have been very stupid; stop being stupid; just see how pretty I am." With that

(1926, August, Warsaw.

~~E--1994.~~ 2248
threw

she kissed me, smiled brightly, ~~through~~ off her outer garmens, and flung herself on the bed in an engaging attitude. "Am I pretty?" she asked. Yes she was undeniably pretty from the crown of her head to her silk-stockinged toes, shapely, clean, sweet, smiling, and very beautiful, inviting, and alluring. My thought was "Why can't wives be that way sometimes."

Did I sin, or didn't I? It is not for me to say. When I say that after all it ^{is may be} ~~was~~ purely a matter of imagination, I can leave it to any reader to place ^{whatever} ~~whenever~~ interpretation he or she thinks most reasonable on that ambiguous statement. .

I never saw Mademoiselle again, but the image of her dainty beauty is as clear in my memory as a cameo.

Saturday, the 7th, was fair and cool. After breakfast I prepared a memorandum in Italian asking the Soviet Consul to telegraph both Rome and Moscow about the permit to enter Russia, for answer at Riga. Had trouble with the portable typewriter. The carriage would jump from near the beginning of a line to the end, so that I had to restrain its impetuosity with one hand while I operated the keys with the other.

After visiting the American Consulate for mail I drove to the Soviet Consulate. There I found a crowd of peasants huddled about the door. I rang the bell four times before it was opened, and then it was slammed shut in my face. I was disgusted. Then I observed a young man ringing the door bell of the Soviet Legation in the adjoining house. I joined him and when the door was opened for him I stepped in also. Fortunately the doorkeeper spoke French. I handed him the memorandum I had prepared in Italian and asked him to see that it ^{be} ~~was~~ handed to the Consul without delay. He said I should enter the other door. I replied that it was impossible because of the crowd, and I gave him one of my

(1926, August, Warsaw.

E--1995.

cards printed in French which seemed to impress him. He taled^K over the telephone for several minutes with employed^S in the Consulate, without apparent result. He asked me to wait. In about five minutes a young woman with a long nose and dressed in black came in. She could speak a little French and a little English. I explained to her wat^h I wanted, a telegram signed by the Soviet Consul to Rome and to Moscow, and that I would pay for the expense of sending them; and if the Consul could not see me, at least I would like to have my memorandum placed in his hands. She ordered a porter to carry the message to the Consul. A few minutes later a slovenly lout, dirty and smelling of the stable, entered and motioned for me to follow. He conducted me to an outer office in the Consulate where a young lady inquired in French what I wanted. Again I explained. She was holding my Italian memorandum and at her request I translated it into French. I asked her if she could not put the substance of the memorandum into Russian and have it typewritten on telegraph forms for the signature of the Consul. She said the Consul was about to leave on his vacation and she was not sure that there was time. However, by this time she had begun to show a little human interest in my problem and she herself sat down to a typewriter and wrote the telegrams. When they were completed she got them signed, sealed, stamped, approved, and recorded, and at last she gave them to me. This had taken more than an hour. The room was crowded with peasants, but in all that time I did not see that a single one of them had his business attended to. Everything seemed to be in the utmost confusion and with the exception of the young woman who waited on me the employes did not seem to know what to do or how to do it when they were told, as if they might have been a group of people brought in from the street without any previous training or ac-

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E--1995.

(1926, August, Warsaw.

(1926, August, Warsaw.

E--1996

quaintance with the office, location of supplies, or routine. They were not only utterly inefficient ^{but} ~~by~~ very impertinent. In the crowd were two Jewish men from the United States who spoke openly and bitterly of the inefficiency of the Soviet Consulates. One of them said to me, "One American girl can do more than twenty Russian employes." These Jewish men wished to leave their passports for visée. Although they had been kept waiting for more than two hours they had found no one in the office who could tell them whether to leave their passports, or come another time, or if they left them when they might expect them back, if ever.

From the Consulate I drove in a carriage to the Central Bureau of Statistics where Mr. Sturm de Streem had been expecting me for more than an hour. In a taxie we drove first to the central postoffice, where I sent my telegrams, one to Rome and one to Moscow, at a cost of 55 ^{sloti} ~~sloti~~, or about \$5.50. The price seemed high for two short telegrams, especially as compared to the low charges in other European countries, but my companion said it was because of the exorbitant charges in Russia. ^P ~~Then~~ ^{Next} we drove through the city to the old ~~R~~ ^Royal Palace, then the Executive Commission, and a part of which was occupied by the President of the republic. Upon entering we were given ~~loose~~ carpet slippers to put over our shoes. They were loose, flopped up and down as we walked, and kept slipping off, and in this outfit we inspected the rooms open to visitors. There were many rooms and halls of large size, with inlaid floors and decorated walls and ceilings, many paintings, a few good and many bad, and many marble busts of distinguished men. One of them I recognized as the placid philosopher, Benjamin Franklin. I pointed to it and said to the old guide who was showing us through, "American." He ~~smiled~~ and said "Ya, Jorge Vashintown." Such is fame in a

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From the Consulate I drove in a carriage to the Central Bureau of Statistics where Mr. Sturm de Stream had been expecting me for more than an hour. In a taxi we drove first to the central postoffice, where I sent my telegrams, one to Rome and one to Moscow, at a cost of 25 rubles, or about \$2.50. The price seemed high for two short telegrams, especially as compared to the low charges in other European countries, but my companion said it was because of the exorbitant charges in Russia. Then ^{Next} we drove through the city to the old Royal Palace, then the Executive Commission, and a part of which was occupied by the President of the republic. Upon entering we were given four carpet slippers to put over our shoes. They were loose, flopped up and down as we walked, and kept slipping off, and in this outfit we inspected the rooms open to visitors. There were many rooms and halls of large size, with tiled floors and decorated walls and ceilings, many paintings, a few good and many bad, and many marble busts of distinguished men. One of them I recognized as the Polish philosopher, Benjamin Franklin. I pointed to it and said to the old guide who was showing us through, "American." He smiled and said "Yes, Jorge Vashintown." Such is fame in a

(1926, August, Warsaw.

E--1997.

foreign country. The large hall was beautifully decorated, but on the whole the rooms looked unfurnished and bare. Mr. Sturm de Strem said that during the occupation of the city by the Germans many things were taken away, besides the destruction of bridges, factories, and the city waterworks.

Then we drove across the old iron bridge, passed the cathedral, the Greek church, and the synagogue, and followed a road up stream^a to the new concrete bridge, crossed back to the city, and then out a broad avenue to a great park. After seeing the park we returned to the hotel where we separated with expressions of mutual good will. Mr. Sturm de Strem was a small man, quiet, very modest and somewhat diffident, but an earnest worker, a good statistician, and well informed regarding the organization of the Polish government, ^{and} the agricultural and economic situation of the country. This information was all the more valueable because he did not pretend to be an economist ^{with} theories to expound.

I visited the office of the Wagon-Lits Co. and ascertained that I could enter the sleeper at any time after 10 p.m., but they could not give me the name of any hotel in Riga. On the way back I purchased a bottle of cognac and the entire stock of cigars of a small establishment. ^P Outside of Germany and Holland I found that most of these European countries carried very few cigars, because of almost prohibitive tariffs and small demand. The dealers carried plenty of cigarettes, but when I asked for cigars they would either shake their heads or produce a single box ~~with~~ only partly filled, sometimes with only half a dozen, ranging in price from five to fifty cents apiece. Several times the dealers protested when I offered to buy out their entire stock, because they wanted to have some on hand but did not wish to invest in a whole box to replace what they had. I had become

(1926, August, Warsaw.

E-1927.

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(1926, August, Warsaw.

E--1998.

an habitual cigar smoker, the ^habit developing on the cheap and plentiful small cigars of the United States. Ordinarily I smoked continuously during my waking hours. Although I often went for hours without smoking while visiting public offices ~~and~~ on official business and did not think of smoking because my attention was concentrated on the business in hand, yet the moment I was released and outside I lit a cigar. Curiously enough, it was not the actual deprivation of cigars that bothered me, but the fear that I would run out of material and be unable to replenish the supply, and hence I eagerly bought out the entire meager stock of every dealer in Warsaw that I could find. I carried a pipe and a bag of smoking tobacco as a reserve in time of desperate need, but no matter how great my need I never enjoyed smoking a pipe. I always had difficulty in keeping the tobacco burning, the stem of the pipe hurt my teeth, the smoke burned my tongue, and the pipe itself was a ~~nuisance~~ nuisance, became foul, smelled badly, and was troublesome to clean. Cigarettes were almost as bad. Three puffs and they were gone. Or, if I deliberately and with forethought puffed lightly and delicately, the mouth end became wet and soggy; and the smoke tasted different from cigar smoke and had a horrible smell. No, in all the world there was nothing quite so satisfying as a good cigar that was fresh, sweet, clean, kept its light, burned to a beautiful white ash, was satisfying to the small end, and then the stub could be thrown away, and its successor was equally fresh, sweet, and clean. That was why I cleaned out so many dealers of their cigars in various European cities, trying to keep a sufficient supply ahead to last me twenty-four hours.

Returning to my room I wrote some letters.

~~(Seageni, August 7, gray folder. omit.~~
(Wife) same.

~~(Longofardi, same omit~~

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(1936, August 7, Gray folder. With

(Wife's name.)

"Warsaw, Saturday, 7 August 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"I have been very busy this week but will try to write a few lines in the late afternoon before leaving this evening for Riga, the capital of Latvia. I had intended to go direct to Vilna and Kaunas, the last being the capital of Lithuania, but when I went to buy a ticket I was told for the first time that a state of war exists between Poland and Lithuania, so I must go around that little country and come in from the other side.

"I sent you a copy of my letter to Miss Broad telling about the trip from Berlin to Warsaw last Tuesday. Wednesday I interviewed the American Consul and met a member of an American Commission of Experts who are over here trying to help Poland straighten out her financial problems. Then I called on the Consul General of the Soviet Socialistic Republics (Russian), and then to the Central Bureau of Statistics. The next day, Thursday, I had a long interview with the Minister of Agriculture, who did not know ~~exac~~ exactly what a census is, but after I explained he agreed to cooperate and have one in Poland in 1930. By the way, he ~~said~~ said he could speak seven languages. The trouble with these people who know so many languages is that they can speak none of them well and can hardly understand any language but their own when they hear it.

"Yesterday I lost a lot of time waiting for the U.S. Commercial Attache to find out if he could help me get a permit to enter Russia, only to be told that the embassies here think that the Soviets are so suspicious that it will not do for them to intervene, so today I spent two hours at the Soviet Consulate getting them to write some telegrams which I later sent and paid for. The Soviet Consulate seems to be run by a lot of ignoramuses who do not know what to do or how to do it, and the ~~place~~ place was crowded with poor people wait-

ing hours and hours for their passports to be viseed.

"Yesterday afternoon I tramped several miles sightseeing and taking photographs--I walk because I cannot tell the taxi men where to go and I cannot read the signs on the street cars. I walked nearly two miles on one of the principal streets looking for a place to buy some films, without seeing any. At last I noticed a sign by a doorway to an interior court with a glass case containing photographs. The first place I went into I found a lady in charge and when I showed her my kodak and 4 films she seemed greatly surprised, examined the kodak with great interest, but it never seemed to occur to her that I would like to buy some films, although I did everything I could think of to make her understand. I was more successful with an old man who came in later and who reprimanded the woman for her stupidity. This is a city of more than a million inhabitants with some fine streets and buildings, but after all it is much like a frontier town in America.

"Last night I dined with the Chief of the Central Bureau of Statistics, and today he took me in an automobile for a long ride. We inspected the former Royal Palace, now the residence of the republican president. It covers a whole city square, has enormous rooms with inlaid floors, great mirrors, paintings and tapestries on the walls. In one of the rooms I noticed a marble bust of old Ben Franklin. I pointed to it and asked the guide if that was American. 'Yes' he said--'Jorge Vashington.'

"I have been out on two of the bridges that cross the Vistula River, which is nearly as broad as the Potomac and is navigable for four hundred miles to Dantzic. These bridges, many public buildings, factories, etc., were destroyed by the Germans before they left at the close of the war.

"There is evidence of much poverty here. Never saw so many

beggars in my life. I have asked several people what is the cause and they give various reasons; some say the beggars are too lazy to work, and others say that factories are running only half time, and many are closed down completely. One man who had been in Chicago and left to enter the war and cannot now return because he had not completed his citizenship papers, said the average wage is five sclotich, equal to about ~~fifty~~ fifty cents.

"The last letter from home was from Mother, dated July 13. Nothing from 1026 since July 4. Yesterday it was 2 p.m. when I sat down to luncheon in the restaurant. I got to thinking about the difference in time, which I suppose is about five hours. It would therefore be about 7 a.m. in Washington, and 1026 just about waking up. And I wondered which one gets up first now, Mommie, Thelma, Otis, Rosie, or the Pajaros. I'll bet on the Pajaros, but I could not decide between the other three. If the Niñas go to school, then it's Mommie, up to get breakfast for them and start them off. If not, then it's doubtful. Maybe it's sleepy-head Otis. I'm sure he's up first if there is anything interesting going on. And then it occurred to me that I have heard nothing of that wonderful pink-eyed rabbit--and not a word about Queenie. Looks as if the only way for me to find out anything about 1026 and what is going on there is to go and look at it myself. And then there is a certain lovely little Wifie, otherwise known as Mommie, who will have a birthday sometime this month, although she has never told me just which day it is and has kept me guessing all these years; and a certain young lady, otherwise known as Kittiwinks, who will have a birthday in November, and Daddy has no means of sending her anything, unless it be a picture postcard.

"You should just see me writing this letter with the little typewriter in my lap. It is behaving very badly. The carriage has

a way of jumping suddenly and unexpectedly from any point on the line clear to the end with a bang. I never can guess when it is going to jump, so I have to write with one hand and hold the end of the carriage with the other hand to keep it from breaking itself when it decides to jump. Surely that is writing under difficulties. If it was a full-sized machine I could repair it, but it is so compact that I cannot get at the parts.

"Well, the next letter or postcard will come from Riga, up on the Gulf of Riga. I shall be glad when I finish with these northern and eastern countries and am headed south. I am wearing winter clothing. If you will look at the map you will see the reason--Poland is as far north as Labrador, and if it were not for the American Gulf Stream would be uninhabitable. So this north country of Europe owes much to ~~t~~ America besides war debts, but they are not at all grateful; quite the contrary.

"Hoping to hear from you'uns. Love to all, from

"Daddy."

(1926, August, Warsaw.

E--1999.

During the day I went to the National Bank of Poland to cash a traveller's check. I was referred from one clerk to another and finally to an official in an office upstairs. He was a bright, intelligent, and efficient young man. He looked through my book of travellers checks, examined my passport~~ed~~ and its array of European visas, the ^earnet of identity I had from the International Institute of Agriculture, my personal pass ~~card~~^{card}, and traveller's identification card from the United States Department of Agriculture, my automobile permit, my official cards in three languages, and some private letters and papers I had in my pocket. After examining minutely all this material, and after offering to bring the U.S. Consul and the U.S. Commercial Attache, and Mr. Sturm de Strem of the Central Bureau of Statistics, to verify my identification, he decided that the National Bank of Poland could risk the cashing of a check for one hundred dollars. He accompanied me to the cashier's window and saw the transaction completed. When I had the cash in my pocket I turned to him and asked what unpleasant experience the bank had had that made it so extremely cautious about cashing traveller's checks that were accepted in all other countries without question. He made a wry face and said that some months previously a well dressed gentleman had presented travellers checks amounting to \$100,000, everything appeared to be regular, and the bank cashed them. Later it turned out that the checks had been stolen and the signatures forged, and the bank had been compelled to make good the loss. In the circumstances I could not blame the bank for the precautions it took to protect itself against loss.

After writing my letters and mailing them I had a good supper at the hotel, packed up, settled my account, including tips to the hotel force, many of whom I had never seen, was driven

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After writing my letters and mailing them I had a good supper at the hotel, packed up, settled my account, including tips to the hotel force, many of whom I had never seen, was driven

(1026, August, Warsaw.

E--2000

to the railway station, and after waiting an hour was admitted to my sleeping compartment.

Sunday, August 8, cloudy and cool, with occasional showers. I was awakened at 3 a.m. by my fellow passenger in the upper berth, and again at 5 am. when he got up to dress, by which time it was full daylight. We were passing through a region of poor, sandy pine lands. We reached Wilna at 8 a.m. and the topography changed from a generally flat to a broken section of small hills and ravines with water worn boulders in places, but the soil was still sandy and poor. The small strip patches of crops were very poor. Occasionally there were strips of buckwheat in full bloom, but thin on the ground and less than knee high. We passed Podbrozie at 9.30 a.m. and Ignadilnio at 10.20, small stations with a few houses clustered about them. About the latter place were a number of small lakes. The cultivated land was mostly overgrown with trees and brush, but some of the strips were in grain or potatoes. Most of the women and children about the villages were barefooted. At one place I saw a group of peasant people in native costumes on their way to church, but could ^{not} get a picture of them from the moving train because of a shower. At 11.30 we were at Tormont on the border where we had to get out and open our baggage for customs inspection. The officials were very indifferent and leisurely and it was more than half an hour before they deigned to begin the inspection. While waiting for them to come to life I had a glass of beer that helped to pass the time. Then, after the passengers had been to the trouble of opening all their baggage, the officials did not take the trouble to look at it, but simply asked how much money we had. After this formality was over we were free to get our baggage back into our compartments again. Within fifteen minutes we came to the other

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I was awakened at 5 a.m. by my fellow passenger in the upper berth, and again at 5 a.m. when he got up to dress, by which time it was full daylight. We were passing through a region of poor, sandy pine lands. We reached Milna at 8 a.m. and the topography changed from a generally flat to a broken section of small hills and ravines with water worn boulders in places, but the soil was still sandy and poor. The small strip patches of crops were very poor. Occasionally there were strips of buckwheat in full bloom, but thin on the ground and less than knee high. We passed Podganie at 9.30 a.m. and Igarka at 10.30. Small stations with a few houses clustered about them. About the latter place were a number of small lakes. The cultivated land was mostly overgrown with trees and brush, but some of the strips were in grain or potatoes. Most of the women and children about the villages were barefooted. At one place I saw a group of peasant people in native costumes on their way to church, but could not get a picture of them from the moving train because of a shower. At 11.30 we were at Tormont on the border where we had to get out and open our baggage for customs inspection. The officials were very indifferent and leisurely and it was more than half an hour before they began to begin the inspection. While waiting for them to come to life I had a glass of beer that helped to pass the time. Then, after the passengers had seen to the trouble of opening all their baggage, the officials did not take the trouble to look at it, but simply asked how much money we had. After this formality was over we were free to get our baggage back into our compartments again. Within fifteen minutes we came to the other

(1926, August, Lithuania.

B---2001.

side of the boundary and the whole futile performance had to be gone through with again, but this time the officials took up our passports. It took just two hours, 11.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. to pass that boundary between two little countries no bigger than counties in Texas or California. We crossed the Dvina ~~and Dnie-~~^{or}per Rivers shortly before reaching Davgapilis at 2 p.m.--nice names they have in that country. The river was broad and the country along it flat and the crops very poor. Most of the houses were of logs with thatched roofs. At Zigali I had to change to a second class compartment. Here the conductor called my attention to the fact that my ticket read only to Zigali instead of Riga. For this reason I was required to pay cash fare to the next station and there purchase a ticket to Riga, all of which was annoying after having paid for transportation through to Riga. Just one more instance of the general inefficiency encountered at Warsaw. At this ~~last~~^{last} place I exchanged Polish sloti for lats (Latvian roubles) at the rate of 55 sloti for 1,500 lats. I spent some time trying to remember how many sloti I got for a dollar, and if so many sloti would buy so many thousand lats, how much was a lat worth in American cents, and how much did I pay for a luncheon that cost fifty lats. I tried to solve this monetary puzzle mentally, without much success because I could not remember how much a sloti cost. By 2 p.m. it was cold and raining softly, the landscape uninteresting, and the seats very uncomfortable. Also since the last station the train was badly overcrowded.

H Opposite me sat a middle aged fat gentleman. He was big and florid, ~~and~~ smoked cigars, and looked prosperous. He wanted to take some medicine, but there was no water on the train and he became very impatient. At a small station he elbowed his way out, bought a glass of water, and returned with it triumphantly to his seat.

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(1926, Latvia, August.

E--72002.

At 7.20 p.m. we reached Skrivor, a small station where the train stopped for ten minutes. ^Here I paid .80 lat for a roll, a cup of coffee^E, and a piece of candy. For several hours the appearance of the country had improved steadily. The villages were larger, and the houses were better. The crops looked better, mostly wheat, oats, flax, and potatoes, and a few patches of tobacco. The train continued through a flat country, mostly forested but with fields of grain here and there. ^PAs we proceeded the ride became very tiresome, partly because of the overcrowded condition of the train. Within a few miles of Riga, only fifteen minutes in time, the train stopped and the porters came through and announced that there had been an accident and that all passengers would have to transfer to another train. There were no porters, of course, so that I was embarrassed with my five pieces of hand baggage. I struggled valliantly with my load and was part way to the other train when the portor of my former coach came to help me. The second train was smaller than the first so most of the passengers had to stand up, I among them. And there we stood for one solid hour. I learned that the trouble was caused by a train from the opposite direction jumping the track. At last we got under way and arrived in Riga at 10.00 p.m. ^PBy this time I had become acquainted with the elderly fat gentleman who sat opposite most of the day. He was from Sweden and could speak English and knew the country. We had difficulty in getting a porter and a taxi at the station to take us to the Hotel Roma. I felt that I was fortunate in getting a room, even if it was without bath. After washing up I went down to the restaurant in the basement at 10.40 p.m. After my recent experience this was a veritable haven or heaven. It was a large dining hall, tables covered with white linen^E and glittering cutlery and glass ware, full of well dressed, cheerful, intel-

(1926, Latvia, August.

E--Y2002.

At 7.50 p.m. we reached Skriver, a small station where the train stopped for ten minutes. Here I paid .80 lat for a roll, a cup of coffee, and a piece of candy. For several hours the appearance of the country had improved steadily. The villages were larger, and the houses were better. The crops looked better, mostly wheat, oats, flax, and potatoes, and a few patches of tobacco. The train continued through a flat country, mostly forested but with fields of grain here and there. As we proceeded the ride became very tiresome, partly because of the overcrowded condition of the train. Within a few miles of Riga, only fifteen minutes in time, the train stopped and the porters came through and announced that there had been an accident and that all passengers would have to transfer to another train. There were no porters, of course, so that I was embarrassed with my five pieces of hand baggage. I struggled valiantly with my load and was part way to the other train when the porter of my former coach came to help me. The second train was smaller than the first so most of the passengers had to stand up, I among them. And there we stood for one solid hour. I learned that the trouble was caused by a train from the opposite direction jumping the track. At last we got under way and arrived in Riga at 10.00 p.m. By this time I had become acquainted with the elderly fat gentleman who sat opposite most of the day. He was from Sweden and could speak English and knew the country. We had difficulty in getting a porter and a taxi at the station to take us to the Hotel Roma. I felt that I was fortunate in getting a room, even if it was without bath. After washing up I went down to the restaurant in the basement at 10.40 p.m. After my recent experience this was a veritable haven or heaven. It was a large dining hall, tables covered with white linen and glittering cutlery and glass were, full of well dressed, cheerful, intel-

(1926, August, Riga.

E--2003.

lignant, refined looking men and women, a good orchestra, lovely music,, good food, wines, and schnapps. Oh Lordy, that little haven of human happiness lingers in my memory to this day. My Swedish friend joined me and we had a regular banquet with all the trimmings, and how he did warm up, thaw out, and bubble over with good humor and satisfaction. It was after midnight when we left the table and repaired to our rooms. I went to bed thoroughly tired out but with the comforting thought that I would fall asleep as soon as I, my mind, gave the signal to relax, and I did.

Monday, August 9, clear, warm, and pleasant. I was up at 8 a.m. and asked for a bath, but was told I would have to wait until 1030. Instead, I put in an order for a bath at 8 a.m. the following morning and every morning thereafter. Made up my laundry and laid out a suit for pressing. Looked up a memorandum about Riga and learned that in addition to being the capital of Latvia it is a city of nearly three hundred thousand population. After breakfast I inquired the way to the Wagons-Lits^{ie} and purchased some Latvian money. I inquired of the hotel porter the way to the American Consulate and he said "one linkie up and two linkies to the left," and I "linkied" accordingly but found nothing that looked like a consulate. Fortunately I had the correct address on a slip of paper which I showed to several people and with their aid traversed several crooked half-circles^s and streets and found the Consulate. ^POn the way I stopped ~~in~~ at a bank and for \$50 bought 259 lat^p. The cashier asked for my passport, but when I said the hotel had it he was satisfied with my carnet of identification from the Institute. ^PI found the Consul, Mr. Simmons, very agreeable. He arranged an appointment with the Chief of the Central Bureau of Statistics and accompanied me in person. In the absence of the ^Director we talked with the Vice-

(1926, August, Riga.

W--2003.

lively, refined looking men and women, a good orchestra, lovely music, good food, wines, and schnapps. On Monday, that little haven of human happiness lingers in my memory to this day. My Swedish friend joined me and we had a regular banquet with all the trimmings, and how he did warm up, thaw out, and bubble over with good humor and satisfaction. It was after midnight when we left the table and repaired to our rooms. I went to bed thoroughly tired out but with the comforting thought that I would fall asleep as soon as I, my mind, gave the signal to relax, and I did. Monday, August 9, clear, warm, and pleasant. I was up at 8 a.m. and asked for a bath, but was told I would have to wait until 10:30. Instead, I put in an order for a bath at 8 a.m. the following morning and every morning thereafter. Made up my laundry and laid out a suit for pressing. Looked up a memorandum about Riga and learned that in addition to being the capital of Latvia it is a city of nearly three hundred thousand population. After breakfast I inquired the way to the Wagons-Lits and purchased some Latvian money. I inquired of the hotel porter the way to the American Consulate and he said "one link" and two links to the left," and I "linked" accordingly but found nothing that looked like a consulate. Fortunately I had the correct address on a slip of paper which I showed to several people and with their aid traversed several crooked half-circles and streets and found the Consulate. On the way I stopped in at a bank and for \$50 bought 259 lats. The cashier asked for my passport, but when I said the hotel had it he was satisfied with my earnest of identification from the Institute. I found the Consul, Mr. Simmons, very agreeable. He arranged an appointment with the Chief of the Central Bureau of Statistics and accompanied me in person. In the absence of the Director we talked with the Vice-

(1926, August, Riga.

E--2004.

Director, who spoke English quite well, and readily promised co-operation in the census. *P* On the way back I stopped in a shop and bought some cigars that were very high in price, about fifteen cents each. The cigars were in a box with a glass cover sealed with a revenue stamp. The dealer was horrified when I broke the seal and opened the box to examine the cigars more closely. When I said I would take only six, hoping to find less expensive cigars elsewhere, he protested that it was illegal to have in his possession a box with the seal broken and that I must take the whole box. Fortunately it contained only 25 and to relieve his ^v evident distress I bought them. He explained that his license permitted him to sell cigars only in sealed packages and therefore they were put up in glass covered boxes of 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, 25, or 50 cigars and the customer was expected to judge of their size, shape and quality through the glass covers.

Returning to the hotel I met my Swedish acquaintance of the previous day and together we had a bottle of beer. He was a big, hearty, bluff, goodnatured gentleman and spoke English fluently. He had traveled widely and was good company.

I wrote up my notes for the day and studied the railway timetable for Kovno. My Swedish acquaintance, Mr. Storm, had asked me to take supper with him at 8.30, but was called out unexpectedly by some friends. I stepped out in the park near the hotel for a few minutes to see the lights and stir of early evening and finish my cigar. A young Jewish woman approached where I was sitting and opened conversation. She could speak a little English and tried to make herself agreeable, and ended by inviting me to her room. This I declined politely. Then to the hotel restaurant for a good supper and good music. I decided that this was the brightest, most cheerful and satisfactory restaurant I

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(1026, August, Riga.

E--2005.

had so far encountered. A few minutes before 10.00 p.m. a waiter went from table to table and reminded the guests that no alcoholic beverages could be sold after 10 o'clock. I observed that many guests had their glasses refilled or ordered a bottle so that they would have a supply to last them until they were ready to leave.

The Hotel Roma was said to be very old. Outside it was quite impressive. Inside it showed its ancient origin and primitive conveniences and furnishings. The elevator did not function, the waiter saying "Es ist caput." The corridors were narrow and dark and lined with an am^azing array of cuspidors. The rooms were dark, the wall paper was dark, and the floors painted a dark red. And the woodwork and furniture were dark. Each room contained a stove that reached from floor to ceiling and resembled the smoke-stack of a factory. The windows were double and in sections so that any single section could be opened. None of the rooms were equipped with a private bath.

Tuesday, the 10th, was a clear hot day. At the American Consulate I ascertained that no appointment has yet been made with the Minister of Agriculture. I went in a carriage to the Soviet Consulate. After being kept waiting an hour I was admitted to the Consul. He could speak only Russian and sent for an interpreter. An elderly woman came in who looked very tired and worried and who spoke English. After I had explained the history of my application for a permit to enter Russia, the lady asked me to follow her. We entered a large room and on top of a pile of correspondence was a telegram from Moscow authorizing the Consul to give me a visée good for fourteen days in Russia.

At the American Consulate again I learned that an appointment had been made for me at the Ministry of Agriculture. In the same

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(1926, August, Riga.

E--2006.

building with the consulate was the Wagons Lits Co. from which I purchased transportation to Kovno. Then to the hotel for a few minutes, where I had a cup of coffee.

At 12.45 p.m. the American Consul accompanied me to the Ministry of Agriculture where I met the Vice-Minister, Mr. Erlitz, acting in the absence of the minister, and the legal adviser of the ministry, who acted as interpreter. because the vice-minister spoke only Latvian and Russian. When, after they had promised co-operation in the census project, I began to ask questions about the organization and work of the Ministry of Agriculture, its principal projects and problems, there was much confusion and hesitation, until I suggested that they prepare a memorandum at their leisure covering the questions I had asked and forward it to me in care of the American Consul, and assured them that the information was simply for my use and to enable the International Institute of Agriculture to better understand their situation and interpret the reports received from them, to which proposal they readily agreed. To me the whole transaction was rather amusing. The Consul said after we left that he had telephoned time after time to make the appointment and got no response until after 11 a.m. When we entered the building there was no one to be seen and we wandered about knocking at doors, opening doors without signs, and inquiring how to find the vice-minister. Even after we stepped into rooms in which were a number of employes no one paid the slightest attention to us.

In his office the consul showed me a report he had just prepared on the dairy industry of Latvia, with red Danish cattle as the main stock. It showed a marked increase in the export of butter during the previous five years, especially to Great Britain and Germany. The Consul said that Latvia had the agrarian problem

(1926, August, Riga.

E--2007.

common to other countries of eastern Europe, that is, the subdivision of large estates and the consolidation of small strip holdings.

At the hotel I went down to the restaurant at 2 p.m. for luncheon and was joined by Mr. Storm, who said that in conversation with Swedish friends who lived in Riga they had expressed the opinion that as soon as the Soviet government was stabilized the three former provinces of Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania would return to their old status, because they were too small and weak to maintain separate governments with all the overhead expenses involved; that bribery and corruption were more prevalent in these small countries than under the old regime, because the public officials were paid such small salaries that they had to accept bribes in order to live. The American Consul said that Latvia is almost the same size as West Virginia, and that Latvia and Esthonia export almost exactly the same quantity of butter, there being only a few pounds difference. .

At 5 p.m. I went to the photographer's for my developed films and prints. Then Mr. Storm and I went in a taxicab to the wharf and went aboard a small steamer, "Norrrland," which made weekly trips of 24 hours each between Riga and Stockholm. In the little dining cabin we had a bottle of Swedish punch, which was sweet, very good, and was said to contain about 25 per cent alcohol. From the blond Swedish girl who waited on us I bought a box of fifty cigars for 14 lati, or about 70 cents. Mr. Storm was very jolly and joked and teased the blond maid, who took it all in good spirit and joined in the laughter. We spent nearly two hours in the little cabin very agreeably.

At the hotel I packed up my things and paid my bill, and with Mr. Storm had supper in the restaurant. In the course of con-

common to other countries of eastern Europe, that is, the subdivision of large estates and the consolidation of small strip holdings.

At the hotel I went down to the restaurant at 2 p.m. for luncheon and was joined by Mr. Storm, who said that in conversation with Swedish friends who lived in Riga they had expressed the opinion that as soon as the Soviet government was established the three former provinces of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania would return to their old status, because they were too small and weak to maintain separate governments with all the overhead expenses involved; that bribery and corruption were more prevalent in these small countries than under the old regime, because the public officials were paid such small salaries that they had to accept bribes in order to live. The American Consul said that Latvia is almost the same size as West Virginia, and that Latvia and Estonia export almost exactly the same quantity of butter, there being only a few pounds difference.

At 5 p.m. I went to the photographers for my developed films and prints. Then Mr. Storm and I went in a taxicab to the wharf and went aboard a small steamer, "Norland," which made weekly trips of 24 hours each between Riga and Stockholm. In the little dining cabin we had a bottle of Swedish punch, which was sweet, very good, and was said to contain about 25 per cent alcohol. From the blond Swedish girl who waited on us I bought a box of fifty cigars for 14 leti, or about 70 cents. Mr. Storm was very jolly and joked and teased the blond maid, who took it all in good spirit and joined in the laughter. We spent nearly two hours in the little cabin very agreeably.

At the hotel I packed up my things and paid my bill, and with Mr. Storm had supper in the restaurant. In the course of con-

(1926, August, Riga.

E--2008.

versation Mr. Storm said he owned a summer home on an island and a city home in Stockholm in which he had lived with his wife for twenty-five years, that he had a daughter of seventeen, and a son who was given to athletics, understood both English and German, was educated as an engineer and greatly desired to go to the United States and find employment in the automobile plant of Henry Ford. Referring to the Swedish maid we had met on the boat that I thought was so lively, he said she had been full of fun and frolic the day before, but was depressed and forlorn today because she had quarrelled with her lover on shore, and that was why he tried to divert her mind by joking and teasing her. He added that no Swedish girl would permit a man to kiss her unless she had known him for a long time, whereas a girl in Riga would give a man all she has on first acquaintance. The supper was excellent.

At 9.30, leaving most of my baggage with the hotel, I was driven to the railway station where I was soon installed in a comfortable sleeping compartment on a train bound for Kovno, or Kaunas, capital of Lithuania. Soon afterwards a German, Mr. Siefert, came in to occupy the upper berth. We retired at 11 p.m. and slept well until we reached the boundary at 1 a.m., when we had to crawl out to open up our baggage.

Wednesday, the 11th. I was up and dressed at 5 a.m. and sat in the narrow corridor for a smoke. The landscape was covered with fog, and there were peat bogs in places. The higher ground was sandy and the crops were poor.. Wheat had been harvested and hauled in. The houses were mostly of squared pine logs. The men and women in the fields were barefooted. The country generally was green.

We reached the railway station at Kovno at 6.25 a.m. At

(1926, August, Kovno.

E--2009.

the station was one very old, dilapidated, Model T Ford car that rattled, banged, and made a great noise when the driver started it. He drove ~~g~~for nearly a mile over an unpaved street with dilapidated, unpainted buildings on either side to the Metropole Hotel. It was dilapidated in appearance outside and in a horrible condition inside. The clerk said all rooms were taken. I was driven to another hotel in even worse condition and was given a dark, dirty, interior room, and I learned that I could not get a cup of coffee until after 8 a.m. ~~ff~~ Returning to the taxi, I noted that a crazy looking meter registered 7, although the driver insisted it meant 7.30. Unthinkingly, I assumed that it meant 7.30 lati, forgetting that I was not ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ Lithuania and it meant lits instead of lats. It would have made little difference anyhow, because as I was to be at Kovno only for one day I had not provided myself with Lithuanian money. ~~To provide for~~ ^{to pay and} a tip I handed the driver 8 lati. From the way his face broke out into irrepressible smiles, his moustache twitched, his eyes danced, and his evident excitement in trying to get his car started and leave me, I knew instantly that I had made a mistake. When I asked the ~~porter in~~ ^{American} ~~the hotel~~ ^{Consul later} what was the difference between lats and lits, he said it was two to one; so I had paid more than twice the regular fare.

Inasmuch as it was cold and dreary and I could do nothing at that early hour I undressed and crawled into bed and slept until 9.20. by my watch, which I discovered later was one hour ahead of Lithuanian time. I dressed and went to a cheap restaurant near the hotel and had some good rolls, boiled eggs, and most abominable coffee served in a glass. No one in the restaurant understood English or French, so I had to make out the best I could with German. I was later told that all Lithuanians speak Russian in addition to their native language, and a few of them

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(1926, August, Kovno.

E--2010.

understood German. ^{JP} After breakfast I walked up the street and took a ^{photograph} picture of a picturesque old church which was formerly Greek but was then Catholic. Then I followed the main street toward the railway station looking for the American Consulate, but missed it and kept on almost to the river. On the way back I caught sight of the American flag flying from a pole back of a house, which turned out to be the consulate. I met the Consul, Mr. Carleson, who was from Chicago and about to be transferred to Reval. He was very cordial and I suspected he had seen very few Americans in Kovno. He took me into a large backyard where he had a garden of flowers and vegetables. He was especially proud of a patch of sweet corn grown from seed he had obtained from the Department of Agriculture. He had never grown any before and was in ~~no~~ doubt as to when the ears would be in the right stage for cooking. I examined them and as an expert assured him they ^{were} just right then. He had already invited me to have luncheon with him and now he said we would have a sweet corn feast. He arranged for appointments with the Central Bureau of Statistics and the Ministry of Agriculture and detailed his assistant to go with me as interpreter.

Together we drove to the Central Bureau of Statistics, which was a part of the Ministry of Finance, where I learned that a joint committee of representatives of the statistical bureau and the Ministry of Agriculture had been appointed to discuss the census project with me, and it was agreed that the meeting should be held at 5 p.m. I had a satisfactory interview with the Minister of Agriculture who promised the full cooperation of his department and talked freely about ~~the~~ ^{its} organization and work, ~~of his~~ department. He said that prior to the war the large estates produced a surplus of grain, but since ~~the~~ ^{their} subdivision of the

(1926, August, Kovno.

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{1926, August, Kovno.

E--2011.

~~estates~~ the peasants were going more and more into the raising of livestock, especially dairying and swine.

On the way back I stopped at the office of the Wagons-Lits Co.^{ie} and bought transportation back to Riga for the same night, in order to avoid spending another night and day amid such surroundings. Returning to the Consulate at 1 p.m. I found the Consul all dressed up, because of some formal official calls he had to make. I had a very pleasant luncheon with the Consul, his wife, and one other guest. The feature of the luncheon was an ample supply of delicious sweet corn fresh from the garden. ~~This~~ Sweet corn is a rare treat to any American in Europe, where it is practically unknown. Mr. Carleson said that at Kovno there are only two summer months, June and July, and that cold weather is apt to begin in August. He said it was a good country for berries, but apples did not do well.

At 5.10 p.m. Mr. Lapidivus of the Central Bureau of Statistics and an elderly Russian lady who spoke English quite well called at the hotel for me. They brought with them an armfull of bound and unbound printed official reports, weighing at least twelve or fifteen pounds. Of course, I could not read them, and it meant one more package to carry back with me and the cost of postage to mail them to the Institute at Rome. However, I could only thank them for their thoughtfulness and courtesy. ~~From~~ From the hotel we walked to the Ministry of Finance, where waiting for us was the Chief of the Bureau of Central Statistics, the Chief of a bureau in the Ministry of Agriculture, the technical adviser of the Ministry of Agriculture, another employe of the statistical bureau, and a young lady who spoke French. We gathered about a table in a large committee room where we spent three hours discussing the details of the census project. They mentioned a num-

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(1926, August, Kovno.

E--2012.

ber of special difficulties and readily agreed to my suggestions for dealing with them. The members of the committee were agreeable and courteous and agreed to cooperate, ~~but~~ After three hours of animated discussion I was rather tired. ~~After adjournment~~ ^{Then} the committee took me in an official automobile to visit the Museum, which was surrounded by a flower garden in which were many roses grown in standard form, that is, improved tea and hybrids grafted on sturdy briar stems about shoulder high. In the flower garden were several pavilions, a monument made of boulders in commemoration of the soldiers lost in the war, a number of crosses, a bronze bust of an early patriot hero, and other objects of interest. We were just in time to witness the daily ceremony at the base of the monument to the lost soldiers. A squad of soldiers bearing standards were stationed in front of the monument, an electric cross was lit up, wreathes of flowers were placed in front, and in a large urn in front of the monument a fire was kindled so that a wreath of smoke ascended. This last was said to be an old pagan rite that has survived to this day. While this was going on a soldier with a trumpet blew a funeral march that was very solemn, while the spectators stood in silence with bared heads. It was a solemn ceremony and at its conclusion the spectators scattered about among the flowers.

It was 9 p.m. and getting cold when we stopped at my hotel so that I could get my raincoat. Then I was taken across the city to view the town, across a new bridge that had been constructed to replace the old one destroyed by the Germans and over which Napoleon's troops marched on their way to Moscow. Then on out into the country for several miles in absolute darkness. At intervals the Russian lady who sat at my side would point into the darkness and mention some object of interest that could be seen

(1926, August, Moscow.

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(1926, August, Kovno.

E--2013.

if it were only light enough, such as the hill on which Napoleon sat to watch his army cross the river, now called Napoleon's Mountain; and another hill that was once covered with defensive earthworks and that has since been converted into a park. We returned through a ~~po~~ residential portion of the city with more substantial buildings than I had yet seen, a seminary built with American funds, and out to the exposition grounds. [#]It was now 10 p.m. and I had had nothing to eat or drink since luncheon with the consul. I was asked if I would take an ice cream, a soda, or perhaps something to eat. I replied that it was my custom to take something to eat in the evening and I would gladly accept their invitation--which was mistaken courtesy on my part because I very much wished to be released and free. I was conducted to a cheap corner restaurant. The Russian lady ordered a roll and a cup of milk. I was heartless enough to suggest a beefsteak and potatoes. Instead, they suggested a salted fish, which they praised highly, and I accepted the change just to see what the fish was like. There was no water to drink and I was exceedingly thirsty. There being no prospect of anything to drink I at last announced that I ~~wasxthirstyxx~~ would appreciate something to drink. They suggested lemonade, but I said I preferred beer. It was brought and put new life in me. For a solid hour they apologised for the poor restaurant, the poor food, and the poor service, and I, like a Chinaman, assured them [£]that everything was allright and their hospitality was much appreciated. [#]One of the party suggested that his brother had expressed a desire to meet me, but perhaps I was tired. I ~~said~~ acknowledged that I was tired and said that I had been up since 5 a.m., and that as I could not enter the sleeper until 1 a.m., I would appreciate an opportunity to get a little rest before going to the station. Then they insis^ted that they

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(1926, August, Kovno.

E--2014.

would call for me and take me to the station. I begged them not to because it was unnecessary and I was accustomed to looking out for myself and really preferred to go alone. My express wishes were disregarded and they agreed that they would call for me at 12.45 a.m. They went with me to the hotel to explain the program to the proprietor, after which they left me, free for the first time in six hours. [#] On reaching my room the clerk came up with my bill for 40 lits, and again I made the mistake of paying lats, worth twice as much. He had scarcely left when I realized my mistake and immediately went down to his desk, but he had conveniently disappeared. I found~~ed~~^d the proprietor and finally got him to understand what had happened, and a little later the young man returned with half the amount I had paid him. At 12 a.m. a porter came for my baggage. At 12.20 a.m. a member of the committee called for me with a Ford car and took me to the railway station. The Russian lady and another member of the committee were there also. For about an hour we sat around and tried to be agreeable to each other. For me it was ^a the ~~the~~ severest trial of ~~my life~~ to be polite, courteous, and appreciative of their mistaken hospitality. Fortunately there was a small restaurant at the station and I invited my hosts to ~~xxxxxx~~ share a bottle of wine with me, an invitation they accepted with alacrity, I also treated them to ice cream, of which they seemed excessively fond. Of course, the train was late, but the refreshments helped pass the time, and my spirits rose as reports came in that the train was approaching. At last I heard the welcome sound of the locomotive. Like the hypocrite I was, or diplomat, I thanked them profusely for their courtesies and hospitality and invited them to visit me at my office in Rome or in Washington. [#] The train came to a stop and I, the only passenger, rushed aboard, and the train

would call for me and take me to the station. I begged them not to because it was unnecessary and I was accustomed to looking out for myself and really preferred to go alone. My express wishes were disregarded and they agreed that they would call for me at 12.45 a.m. They went with me to the hotel to explain the program to the proprietor, after which they left me, free for the first time in six hours. On reaching my room the clerk came up with my bill for 40 lita, and again I made the mistake of paying late, worth twice as much. He had scarcely left when I realized my mistake and immediately went down to his desk, but he had conveniently disappeared. I found the proprietor and finally got him to understand what had happened, and a little later the young man returned with half the amount I had paid him. At 12 a.m. a porter came for my baggage. At 12.30 a.m. a member of the committee called for me with a Ford car and took me to the railway station. The Russian lady and another member of the committee were there also. For about an hour we sat around and tried to be agreeable to each other. For me it was the severest trial of my life to be polite, courteous, and appreciative of their mistaken hospitality. Fortunately there was a small restaurant at the station and I invited my hosts to ~~xxxxx~~ share a bottle of wine with me, an invitation they accepted with alacrity. I also treated them to ice cream, of which they seemed excessively fond. Of course, the train was late, but the refreshments helped pass the time, and my spirits rose as reports came in that the train was approaching. At last I heard the welcome sound of the locomotive. Like the hypocrite I was, or diplomat, I thanked them profusely for their courtesies and hospitality and invited them to visit me at my office in Rome or in Washington. The train came to a stop and I, the only passenger, rushed aboard, and the train

(1926, August, Kovno.

E--2015.

moved out, and once more I was free, even though it was 2 a.m. I had a feeling of great satisfaction, not only at being free from hospitable tormenters, but because I had the promise of co-operation of the responsible officials of the government, and did not have to spend another day in Kovno, ~~because~~ ^{and} the twenty hours I spent there had been in the aggregate very trying.

Thursday, August 12, was bright, clear and pleasant.

I slept like a child until 8 a.m. when the customs officials came through. They simply gave one look around the compartment and departed. Had a cup of hot coffee heated over a kerosene lamp by the porter. Two hours from Riga the landscape was attractive, divided about half in woodlands of pine, spruce, white aspen, and small grain and potato fields, and ^{a third} ~~half~~ in larger fields of grain that were ripe and mostly harvested, ~~and~~ ^x potatoes in bloom, and the remainder in meadows on low wet ground. As in all other sections the soil was not uniform; in some ^{places} it was clay or loess mixed with sand, and the crops were excellent; in other sections the soil was sandy and the crops were poor.

We reached Riga at 10 a.m. I went back to the Hotel Roma where I was recognized and greeted with a smile by the help. I was first assigned to a small, dark interior room, but upon vigorous protest was given a nice large outside room with large windows and good furniture at the rate of \$2.75 per day.

I called at the consulate for mail and met the Vice-Consul, Mr. Warlich, who said he had been a salesman of automobiles in Spain for several years, and was well acquainted with the newly appointed Vice-Consul at Rome.

Next I called at the American Legation and was referred to Mr. Lehrs, who had rather specialized on Russia. He said the real government of Russia was the Communist Party, which was an in-

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(1926, August, Riga.

E--2016.

visible agency at Moscow, under which are the various administrative branches called commissariats, which are really bureaus, such as the commissariat of agriculture, of statistics, of foreign affairs, and so on; that all statistics were concentrated in the Central Bureau of Statistics and that the Commissar of Statistics was Prof. Ossinski, whom I had met in Washington: ^ath^a he had replaced Mr. Popoff who was dismissed in disgrace because the previous year the statistical bureau had overestimated the cereal crop. He said that the statistical bureau was very large, larger than that of the United States, made necessary by the fact that the industrial and economic life of Russia had been nationalized under a state planning commission called the "Gosplan" which based all its calculations and plans for developing and coordinating the production, distribution, and consumption of Russia upon elaborate statistics. He said the plan failed in 1925 because crop production was overestimated. To finance the expected crop production additional currency was issued and this tended to depress its value. The campaign for increased maize production was a failure because more was produced than could be marketed and the price fell to almost nothing. This was explained by the Soviet economists who said that the output of the manufacturing industries had not been sufficient to offset or balance the production of maize. Practically all buying and selling between Russia and other nations was under control, that is, it was done by or through state officials. This controlled buying and selling proved so expensive that many export operations resulted in heavy losses. Their financial policy to maintain the value of the Chernetz was successful so far as its relation to foreign moneys was concerned. When exports are sold by the government it is paid for in the money of the country to which it is sold, and when purchases

(1926, August, Riga.

E--2016.

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(1926, August, Riga.

E--2017.

are made from that country they are paid for with its own money; for which reason there is no exchange value of the Chernitz in relation to foreign moneys other than the purely arbitrary one established by the Soviet government. Within the country itself, however, the chernitz had fallen to about forty percent of its par value so that the prices of everything were about 250 percent of former prices. Mr. Lehr said there were many discrepancies in the statistics of the Soviet government and little was known of their organization and methods or of the relative accuracy and value of the different sets of conflicting figures. He said that ~~know~~ no one knew the real size of Russia's surplus crops. Population was increasing; consumption was increasing; but no allowance was made for these factors in estimating the probable surplus.

Mr. Lerh recommended that I go to the Savoy Hotel in Moscow which was frequented by foreigners, but rather expensive. He also recommended that I be extremely cautious about expressing any opinion concerning the Soviet government because the officials were very sensitive and all foreigners were under espionage. He advised me to take no papers or anything of value with me, and that the British Legation would be glad to forward any papers or reports I might wish to send from Moscow to Riga. He asked that a copy of my report to the Institute be sent to him, especially anything about the crop situation in Russia.

He said that the system of state control of everything had resulted in such a tremendous overhead expense that the leaders had become alarmed and very cautious and would advocate economy; also that they had changed their attitude in dealing with the peasants and no longer decreed overlordship, but were preaching the partnership between the Communist Party and the peasants.

are made from that country they are paid for with its own money; for which reason there is no exchange value of the German in relation to foreign money other than the purely arbitrary one established by the Soviet government. Within the country itself, however, the German had fallen to about forty percent of its par value so that the prices of everything were about 250 percent of former prices. Mr. Lehr said there were many discrepancies in the statistics of the Soviet government and little was known of their organization and methods or of the relative accuracy and value of the different sets of conflicting figures. He said that ~~now~~ no one knew the real size of Russia's surplus crops. Population was increasing; consumption was increasing; but no allowance was made for these factors in estimating the probable surplus.

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(1926, August, Riga.

E--2018.

After an excellent luncheon at the hotel I went to the Wagons-K Lits Cie. to inquire the cost of transportation to Moscow and was told that a second class ticket, the only kind sold, would cost 96.30 lats, or about \$19.00, which would entitle me to one full bench. I was told to declare all money in my possession, otherwise it would be confiscated; also that I should take as little baggage with me as possible because anything in the nature of a luxury would be confiscated. A young man standing near remarked that it depended a good deal on the particular customs official one had to deal with, some travellers being treated with courtesy and others with brutality. Both suggested that I leave in Riga everything I did not absolutely need which, of course, would necessitate my return to Riga.

I returned to the hotel to do some writing, but was too sleepy, laid down and slept until 6 p.m. I took a short walk in the park, bought a small collection of postage stamps to send to Mr. Dore for his son, read some letters sent over from the consulate, and had an excellent supper that made amends for the poor fare of the previous day.

Friday, the 13th. Slept straight through until 8.30 a.m. and had breakfast in my room, with fresh raspberries and cream. I got my passport~~s~~ from the hotel clerk and took it to the Soviet Consulate where I paid 52 lats, about \$10.00, for a visee. I protested that Russia was the ~~only~~ only country in the world that charged for a visee on the passport~~s~~ of an official of the International Institute of Agriculture, but the clerk said they were not authorized to extend any favors to the Institute. He asked me to leave the passport~~s~~ and call for it at 3 p.m. ~~Then~~

~~At~~ At the office of the Wagons-Lits Cie. I applied for transportation to Moscow the following day. He made the reservation but said he

After an excellent luncheon at the hotel I went to the Wagons-Lits Cie. to inquire the cost of transportation to Moscow and was told that a second class ticket, the only kind sold, would cost 296.30 lats, or about \$19.00, which would entitle me to one full berth. I was told to declare all money in my possession, otherwise it would be confiscated; also that I should take as little baggage with me as possible because anything in the nature of a luxury would be confiscated. A young man standing near remarked that it depended a good deal on the particular customs official one had to deal with, some travellers being treated with courtesy and others with brutality. Both suggested that I leave in Riga everything I did not absolutely need which, of course, would necessitate my return to Riga.

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(1926, August, Riga.

E--2019.

could not let me have the ticket until after three o'clock..The lady behind the counter was very efficient and agreeable. She advised me to inquire at the Soviet Consulate as to what articles I would be permitted to take with me into Russia. I had already done so and brought with me a ~~printed~~ slip printed in Russian, for which I paid the equivalent of ten cents. She translated it for me and I jotted down the items in shorthand. I found that everything was restricted, even to the number of cuff buttons, collars, handkerchiefs, socks, night gowns, canes, umbrellas, and the like. I regretted this because it would prevent me from proceeding from Moscow to Leningrad and thence to Helsingfors.

I stopped at the repair shop where I had left my portable typewriter, and then to the consulate. Mr. Simmons said that if there was to be any difficulty about baggage I could leave all my surplus at the consulate until my return. Together we went to the Swartz Restaurant and had a nice luncheon.

At three o'clock I went to the Soviet Consulate where I got my passport~~e~~. The Soviet visée was a formidable looking document, attached to my passport~~e~~. Then I got my railway ticket for the following day. On the way back I bought a box of fifty cigars to see me as far as Moscow. I was afraid to buy more lest they be confiscated. Then to my room to pack up my luggage and be ready to leave on short notice. ^{Had} ~~Then~~ an excellent supper in the cheerful restaurant of the hotel. I regretted that I had been too much occupied to run out to the "Beach" a famed seaside resort near Riga.

After supper I sat in the park for awhile and was joined by a beautiful little woman with fluffy auburn hair ~~and~~ who spoke French quite well. She made herself very agreeable, but was much disappointed when I declined her invitation to go with her to

(1926, August, Riga.

E--2019.

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After supper I sat in the park for awhile and was joined by a beautiful little woman with fluffly Auburn hair who spoke French quite well. She made herself very agreeable, but was much disappointed when I declined her invitation to go with her to

(1926, August, Riga.

E--2030.

her apartment, so disappointed that she curtly and with a
stamp of her foot declined my invitation that we have a glass of
beer or of wine at a restaurant.

~~(Thelma, Aug. 13, gray folder.~~

~~(Otis, same ✓~~

~~(Olsen, same. ✓~~

~~(Dragoni, same. omit.~~

her apartment, so disappointed that she curtly and with a stamp of her foot declined my invitation that we have a glass of beer or of wine at a restaurant.

(Thelma, Aug. 15, Gray folder.

(Otis, same.

(Olsen, same.

(Dietrich, same.

"Riga, Latvia, 13 August 1926.

"Mr. Nils A. Olsen,
"Assistant Chief,
"Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
"U.S. Department of Agriculture,
"Washington, D.C.

"Dear Mr. Olsen:

"I find it difficult to send in reports regularly because I am pressed for time, moving from capital to capital as rapidly as possible, stenographers are not available, and a good part of the time my portable typewriter has misbehaved--out of order. Just got it out of the repair shop about an hour ago.

"Briefly, I am meeting with more success with the census program than I had reason to expect. Have visited and have obtained promises of full cooperation in the census project from the responsible officials (directors of bureaus of statistics and ministers of agriculture) of Italy, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, Roumania, Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Poland, Lithuania, and Latvia.

"I received your letter of July 7 one month later in Warsaw, and have made a mental note of the information desired. It has taken me two and one-half months to obtain a permit to enter Russia and then only after much telegraphing, and received it only about two hours ago. Every one with whom I have talked, officials and private individuals, spoke of the suspicious attitude of the Soviets and the complications that are likely to arise from attempts to obtain information that has not been published. I therefore have some doubts as to whether I can obtain the information desired by the bureau, partly because some of it is not available and partly because of the disinclination of the officials to give it. At any rate I shall attempt to obtain information relative to their statistical organization, system and methods, and the agricultural projects

(1926, August, Riga-Moscow.

E--2021.

Saturday, Aug. 14, cloudy and threatening rain. After a nice breakfast I took a suitcase, brief case, and a leather case containing ~~two canes~~ ^{and an umbrella}, to the American Consulate for safe keeping until my return to Riga. On the way back I bought some Lats with which to pay my hotel bill, and with \$100 bought 19.50 chernitz, the Soviet pound. At the hotel I paid my bill and arranged to leave a trunk and a large suitcase until my return.

At 10.30 I drove to the railway station. There was only one sleeper attached to the train. I was assigned to an upper berth in compartment No. 6. The train left at 11 a.m. At 11.35 we stopped at Salaspils. So far we had passed through sand flats and sand dunes, mostly scrub pine woods, but with some patches of wheat and potatoes, and the remains of military earthworks all along the railway. Wheat and ~~potatoes~~ ^{oats} were ripe and potatoes were in full bloom. Many swamp meadows and peat bogs were to be seen. We passed Ikšķile at noon, without much change in scenery. At 1.05 we were at Skrīveri in a better farming country, although the soil was sandy and the crops poor. Wheat, oats and barley were being harvested. At 1.50 came Koknese in a better looking country with a grasscovered right-of-way along the track and many beautiful spruce trees. Began to wonder when I could get something to eat. There was no diner and no timetable to show when the train might be expected to stop at a station, and the porter, who was dressed in a striped blouse and looked like a convict or stable boy, understood nothing but Russian. However, at 2:45 p.m. the train did stop at a small station and I followed other passengers into a small restaurant and had luncheon.

At 3.45 we were at Jerzika, in a country somewhat undulating, with poor looking soil, mostly covered with scrub pine, and with military trenches along the railway. At 6.p.m. we were at Izvald

Saturday, Aug. 14, cloudy and threatening rain. After a nice breakfast I took a suitcase, brief case, and a leather case containing ~~two cases~~ to the American Consulate for safe keeping until my return to Riga. On the way back I bought some hats with which to pay my hotel bill, and with \$100 bought 19.50 cherries, the Soviet pound. At the hotel I paid my bill and arranged to leave a trunk and a large suitcase until my return.

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(1920, August, Riga-Moscow.
(1926, August, Riga-Moscow.

E--2022.

after going through a section of sand dunes covered with grass and small fields of rye and flax, and small herds of cattle in charge of herdsmen. I noted a number of new pine houses under construction. At most of the little stations where the train stopped the young people of the village came down dressed in their best, to see and be seen. Trains and automobiles are so rare a sight that cattle and horses ^{were} ~~are~~ frightened at them. I saw a carriage with a small body suspended from a pole, a form that I have seen nowhere else. Except for one or two small ^{open} stretches ~~of open country~~ the rest of the country is woodland with little clearings here and there. The right-of-way along the track ~~is~~ ^{was} the most attractive I have seen. It ^{was} ~~is~~ covered with grass which the peasants cut and carry to their livestock. On both sides ^{were} ~~are~~ beautiful hedges of pine or spruce which I assumed had been planted as a protection to the railway from snowdrifts. Most of the people one ^{saw} ~~sees~~, even the women and children, were very unattractive. Only a few well developed young men and women and a few old men with patriarchal beards were passing fair. Most of the peasant women were heavy, coarse, dirty, barefooted, and stupid looking.

During the afternoon I got acquainted with a young couple from New Jersey in another compartment. I heard them talking American and my curiosity overcame my restraint. I stepped to the open door of their compartment, introduced myself, and apologized for the intrusion on the ground that the sound of my own language en route to Russia made me feel that no introduction was necessary. He was rather reserved and the young lady rather dignified at first. However, they invited me to sit down. I explained the nature of the business that was taking me from capital to capital. They thawed out, and gradually I learned that he was

after going through a section of sand dunes covered with grass and small fields of rye and flax, and small herds of cattle in charge of herdsmen. I noted a number of new pine houses under construction. At most of the little stations where the train stopped the young people of the village came down dressed in their best, to see and be seen. Trains and automobiles are so rare a sight that cattle and horses are frightened at them. I saw a carriage with a small body suspended from a pole, a form that I have seen nowhere else. Except for one or two small stretches of open country the rest of the country is woodland with little clearings here and there. The right-of-way along the track is now the most attractive I have seen. It is covered with grass which the peasants cut and carry to their livestock. On both sides are beautiful hedges of pine or spruce which I assumed had been planted as a protection to the railway from snowdrifts. Most of the people one sees, even the women and children, were very unattractive. Only a few well developed young men and women and a few old men with patriarchal beards were passing fair. Most of the peasant women were heavy, coarse, dirty, barefooted, and stupid looking.

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(1926, August, Riga-Moscow. E--2023.

born in Moscow but had lived in the United States since he was a small child, had become a professor of dentistry in a university, recently married, and was taking his American bride on a visit to his people in Moscow, where he expected to deliver some lectures at the Soviet University; also that this was his first visit to Russia since he left it as a little child. He was a fine looking young man of about 28, of athletic build, a large head, ~~and~~ a large head, white face, intelligent eyes, and a shock of black hair. His bride was a neat, pretty, intelligent and rather typical young American woman, ~~and~~ a college graduate, and evidently very proud of her husband. After chatting half an hour I arose, again apologized for my intrusion, and excused myself. As I did so I noticed that the racks were full of large suitcases. I ventured to ask if he was familiar with the restrictions on taking things into Russia. He replied rather curtly that all that I had heard about those restrictions was simply bosh and nothing more than malicious slander, that the customs regulations of Russia were like those of other countries, and the customs officials just as courteous and considerate. I replied that I wished I had known that, because it sounded reasonable, but I had been informed otherwise and had left practically all my traveling equipment in Riga and brought only one change of clothing to see me to Moscow and back. I added that I wished the Russian officials would put on a decent sleeper and a dining car, or at least employ a conductor, or even a stable boy, who could explain when the train would stop somewhere so that I could get something to eat, but of course those things were luxuries and I had been informed that no luxuries were permitted in Russia, even to people who were willing to pay for them. Those things will come later, he rejoined. Again I excused myself and returned to my compart-

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(1926, August, Riga-Moscow.

E--2024.

ment. A little later he joined me, bringing with him some chocolate, cookies, and a sort of candy made of seeds and honey. I thanked him and said that I had not the remotest idea when we could get anything to eat before reaching Moscow. I think he also was doubtful, because he was much more sociable.

Before reaching the boundary we passed through an attractive section of open, rolling country. At 7.25 p.m., after dark, we reached the boundary and soldiers swarmed through the coach. Our baggage was taken out and we were told to follow. From the train we passed between two lines of soldiers into a large one-story log building. The baggage was placed on the floor and each passenger picked out his own. I grabbed my own little valise and looked about for my American friends. The dignified doctor was hoisting his collection of suitcases on to a counter that was built in the form of a hollow square, with the customs officials in the center. I approached the doctor and his wife, placed my insignificant valise next to their imposing array of suitcases and apologised, saying that as I could speak no Russian perhaps the doctor would be kind enough to act as my interpreter if there were any questions. The doctor seemed a little worried and did not reply, but his little wife was gracious. There were only thirty or forty passengers, none of them with trunks, and I thought the whole business would be over in thirty minutes. Inside the counter square were half a dozen inspectors, all dressed in cheap, blue striped blouses that made them look like stable boys. A squad of armed soldiers were lined up against the wall on one side of the room. The stable boys were very leisurely and indifferent in their movements; the passengers outside the inclosure expectant and a little apprehensive. Fifteen minutes passed without any sign of activity on the part of the stable boys. A half hour passed, and

activity on the part of the stable boys. A half hour passed, and little apprehensive. Fifteen minutes passed without any sign of movement; the passengers outside the enclosure expectant and a room. The stable boys were very leisurely and indifferent in their armed soldiers were lined up against the wall on one side of the striped blouses that made them look like stable boys. A squad of ten square were half a dozen inspectors, all dressed in cheap, blue whole business would be over in thirty minutes. Inside the counter or forty passengers, none of them with trunks, and I thought the reply, but his little wife was gracious. There were only thirty were any questions. The doctor seemed a little worried and did not the doctor would be kind enough to act as my interpreter if there and apologized, saying that as I could speak no Russian perhaps my insignificant valise next to their imposing array of suitcases cials in the center. I approached the doctor and his wife, placed was built in the form of a hollow square, with the customs officials rotating his collection of suitcases on to a counter that and looked about for my American friends. The dignified doctor passenger picked out his own. I grabbed my own little valise story log building. The baggage was placed on the floor and each train we passed between two lines of soldiers into a large one- Our baggage was taken out and we were told to follow. From the we reached the boundary and soldiers swarmed through the coach. tive section of open, rolling country. At 7.25 p.m., after dark, Before reaching the boundary we passed through an attractive doubtful, because he was much more sociable. I get anything to eat before reaching Moscow. I think he also was thanked him and said that I had not the remotest idea when we could late, cookies, and a sort of candy made of seeds and honey. I ment. A little later he joined me, bringing with him some chocolate. August, Riga-Moscow. E--2024.

(1926, August, Russia.

E--2025.

then the stable boys sauntered over to the counter and began to inspect the belongings of the passengers. One of them came directly to me. He was such a stupid, surly, ugly looking specimen that it would have given me great joy to have hit him on the head with a club, but this was not the time or place to do it. Instead I smiled, ^{ew} through open my little valise, exposing its scanty contents to his malignant gaze, and at the same time showed him the printed list in Russian of the things I was entitled to bring with me, and as I did so and pointed to the valise I grinned in his face. He simply scowled, gave one glance at the valise and without so much as looking at its contents passed on to my two American acquaintances. ¶ Now it happened that they were newly married and were on the way to visit his home folks, and ~~he~~ ^{As} a professor in an American university ^{he} got a good salary; ~~and~~ ^{had} they passed through Paris when the franc was at its lowest and the dollar at its highest, and they had naturally taken advantage of the situation and had bought several new suit cases and filled them with silk stockings, gloves, lace and silk lingerie, ties and cravats, and all sorts of things that refined people like and buy when they have the money and the price is about one-fourth the ordinary price. The eyes of my sullen stable boy lighted up with a gleam of great satisfaction as he looked at six large suitcases. The things he found in them were not only beautiful and strange, but very interesting, and most of them were utterly superfluous and therefore prohibited. With what glee he held up for the delectation of his comrades two dozen silk cravats, as many pairs of silk stockings, kid gloves, threw on the counter several tailor made suits, arranged on the counter half a dozen pairs of shoes, and how he actually chuckled as he ^{held} ~~help~~ up to the interested view of the audience specimens of the most intimate lingerie of the young

then the stable boys assembled over to the counter and began to inspect the belongings of the passengers. One of them came directly to me. He was such a stupid, awfully ugly looking specimen that it would have given me great joy to have hit him on the head with a club, but this was not the time or place to do it. Instead I smiled, through open my little valise, exposing its scanty contents to his malignant gaze, and at the same time showed him the printed list in Russian of the things I was entitled to bring with me, and as I did so and pointed to the valise I grinned in his face. He simply scowled, gave one glance at the valise and without so much as looking at its contents passed on to my two American acquaintances. Now it happened that they were newly married and were on the way to visit his home folks, and he as a professor in an American university got a good salary, and they passed through Paris when the franc was at its lowest and the dollar at its highest, and they had naturally taken advantage of the situation and had bought several new suit cases and filled them with silk stockings, gloves, lace and silk lingerie, ties and cravats, and all sorts of things that refined people like and buy when they have the money and the price is about one-fourth the ordinary price. The eyes of my sullen stable boy lighted up with a gleam of great satisfaction as he looked at six large suitcases. The things he found in them were not only beautiful and strange, but very interesting, and most of them were utterly superfluous and therefore prohibited. With what glee he held up for the delectation of his comrades two dozen silk cravats, as many pairs of silk stockings, kid gloves, threw on the counter several tailor made suits, arranged on the counter half a dozen pairs of shoes, and how he actually chuckled as he held up to the interested view of the audience specimens of the most intimate lingerie of the young

(1926, August, Russia.

3--2026.

bride. She was at first interested, then surprised, then astonished, then angry, then indignant and red in the face, and then tears ran down her face. Her husband stood by her side, very rigid, very white, apprehensive of further indignities and mad clear through, but his Russian nature shown in his silent submission to the indignities of official authority in the form of ~~convict~~^c dressed stable boys. ^H As the inspector went through their precious baggage he laid aside one article of each kind as necessary and permitted, and the rest he rumbled up and through ^{ew} in a heap as superfluous and prohibited. The doctor was informed that the superfluous articles would not be confiscated because he was an American, but they could be taken into Russia only upon the payment of a prohibitive tariff, amounting to several hundred dollars, but as a special favor he might leave them at the boundary in bond and regain possession of them on his return. The doctor promptly decided to leave them in bond. I was later informed that this was a new ruling in favor of Americans, because of the anxiety of the Soviet government to cultivate the good will of Americans and gain official recognition. The inspector was especially curious over some written and printed material he found in the doctor's baggage, some letters, some typewritten manuscripts, a century magazine, and a dictionary. These piece by piece, and page by page, the stable boy held up to the light to see if there was any secret writing. As an interested spectator and to lend support as a fellow American I stood by their side while the examination and outrage was going on, but after it was over I drifted over to a bench by myself because I saw they were in no mood for conversation. She was tearstained and he was white and paralyzed with astonishment and anger. The first time the bride looked in my direction I grinned, winked, and said "Wow, would you believe it," wherea~~as~~ she broke into hysterical giggling that greatly

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(1926, August, Russia.

E--2027.

mystified her stricken husband. *P* A little later I stepped over and took a seat by her side and without any apologies said in a low voice, "Just remember you are an American citizen, and nothing can happen to you except annoyance and inconvenience. As an American you can see that all this is childish and very funny, and that you will have incredible things to relate to your friends in good old U.S.A. Your husband is suffering and has a lot to learn before he gets back to U.S.A., but he will be a better husband and a thousand times better citizen than he was before," ~~He~~ She slid her hand into mine, pressed it hard, and said in a whisper "I understand, of course. Thank you," and then she smiled reassuringly, so that I knew she was all right. I returned to my seat.

P The inspection was still going on in a leisurely fashion. It occurred to me that there might be a restaurant attached to the station where one might get something to eat and drink. I stepped over and asked the doctor if he could find out for me. He reported that there was no eating place attached to the station and that no passenger would be permitted to leave the room until the last piece of baggage was examined. Then I asked him to ascertain if there was ~~any~~ place farther on where passengers could get something to eat or drink. Again he reported there was none, which meant that we would have to go without any supper. "Well," I said, "evidently this is the Russian lenten season, and we will now do penance for our sins, glory be to God, and to all Soviet saints," which caused a look of white anguish to pass over his face, and a distinct giggle came from his bride. Whereupon I added, "~~X~~alleluyah, glory be, now I shall expiate all my sins, be washed in the whitest of Soviet snow, my sinful soul will be saved, and what a glorious time I shall have sinning after I get out of this Soviet heaven." There were both smiles and tears

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(1926, August, Russia.

E--2028.

in the face and eyes of the bride, but the husband was too miserable to respond. To reassure them, I said "all things have a beginning and an end, and this will have an end some time, when the stable boys there begin to think of bedtime. So let's cheer up. ~~The~~ We will soon be on the train and free from all this ~~and~~ and on our way to the promised land of the proletariat heaven." Silence from the groom, a ~~titter~~ ^t and a grateful smile from the bride. Then I retired to my bench to think of my sins, and the opportunities for sinning that I had in my conventional blindness^e ignored or turned down. The work that an ordinary customs^e could have finished in less than thirty minutes took more than two hours and ended only when the stable-boy inspectors grew weary. We were prisoners under guard inside and outside. At last the ordeal was over and we were herded back into the train, which soon got under way. At 11 p.m. the stable-boy porter came in and made up my berth by laying a sheet over the cushion of my bench, a quilt over that, and a small pillow stuffed with straw--why straw--at the head. Evidently discomfort was an art with the Soviet enthusiasts. Anyhow, I congratulated myself that I was alone.

Sunday, August 15. bright sunshine. I did not sleep well because of insufficient covering. Oh, for my steamer rug, but that was in Riga, a luxury not permitted in Russia by the tender mercies of the reptilian proletariat--although I could not see what good it did them to deprive me of this comfort. ~~I~~ I was up at 7.30 a.m. and was overjoyed to learn that a dining car had been attached during the night. At 8 a.m., when it was opened for business, I went in. After my fast of the preceding day ~~and~~ and not knowing what might lie in the future, I ordered steak and potatoes, rolls and butter, and a cup of hot coffee. I had difficulty in making the convict stable boy waiter understand that I not only

in the face and eyes of the bride, but the husband was too miserable to respond. To reassure them, I said "all things have a beginning and end, and this will have an end some time, when the stable boys there begin to think of bedtime. So let's cheer up. The We will soon be on the train and free from all this and on our way to the promised land of the proletarian heaven." Silence from the groom, a ~~stiff~~ ^{stiff} fitter and a grateful smile from the bride. Then I retired to my bench to think of my aims, and the opportunities for aiming that I had in my conventional blindness ignored or turned down. The work that an ordinary customhouse could have finished in less than thirty minutes took more than two hours and ended only when the stable-boy inspectors grew weary. We were prisoners under guard inside and outside. At last the ordeal was over and we were herded back into the train, which soon got under way. At 11 p.m. the stable-boy porter came in and made up my berth by laying a sheet over the cushion of my bench, a quilt over that, and a small pillow stuffed with straw--why straw--the head. Evidently discomfort was an art with the Soviet enthusiast. Anyhow, I congratulated myself that I was alone. Sunday, August 15, bright sunshine. I did not sleep well because of insufficient covering. Oh, for my steamer rug, but that was in Riga, a luxury not permitted in Russia by the tender mercies of the reptilian proletariat--although I could not see what good it did them to deprive me of this comfort. I was up at 7.30 a.m. and was overjoyed to learn that a dining car had been attached during the night. At 8 a.m. when it was opened for business, I went in. After my fast of the preceding day ~~and~~ and not knowing what might lie in the future, I ordered steak and potatoes, rolls and butter, and a cup of hot coffee. I had difficulty in making the convict stable boy waiter understand that I not only

(1926, August, Russia.

E--2029.

wanted what I ordered but was prepared to pay for it. The head waiter came to verify the order. I not only verified it but said if he had anything else to eat I was prepared to eat it and to pay for it, and that back of me was the government of the United States of America, and back of that was more than eighty governments, including Soviet Russia, adhering members of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, all ready to guaranty that their representative had enough to eat, and if he did not get enough to eat there would be all kinds of serious diplomatic complications and the Soviets would never, never, as long as the world lasted, be recognized by the American government. This was in French of which he had a smattering. However, he understood that it was important and after waiting an hour a piece of steak as tough as leather and two sickly looking potatoes were delivered sulkily at my table. I pushed it aside and called out loudly for the head waiter. He came, obviously ill at ease. I pulled out my passport and put my finger on the flamboyant Soviet seal of the Soviet Consulate, and pointing to the diminutive shrunken piece of steak said, "Fit only for dogs." "If you don't bring me a piece of steak and something else fit to eat I shall report you to the Commisar of Foreign Affairs, the Commisar of Agriculture, the Commisar of Statistics, the Gosplan, and--the Soviet Communistic Party. Get out." I doubt if he understood all I tried to say in French, but he understood enough to know that I was incensed, and the exhibition of the Soviet seal had been impressive. At any rate he removed the offending dishes, and within fifteen minutes I had a creditable steak, some good potatoes, rolls and butter, a hot cup of coffee, and deferential service. I appreciated this, but had a strong desire to kick every insulting Russian convict stable-boy in sight--and might have done so had

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(1926, August, Russia.

E--2022.

(1926, August, Russia.

E--2030.

those in sight not been very abject from then on. After eating something I felt less belligerent and more philosophical. I passed the compartment of my New Jersey friends, but it was closed and I did not see them again.

We were passing through an open, rolling country, with gray sandy soil, and the cultivated fields were cut up into narrow strips of ripening grain, potatoes, poppies, and other crops. We passed many small villages with only an occasional isolated house. In the villages were many new log houses. The neat grass covered right-of-way along the railway with protective hedges of spruce on both sides still continued. The hedges were high enough to interfere with taking snapshots from the moving train. At 10 a.m. the train stopped at a town of considerable size with several churches and factories. Near the towns and villages one sees small herds of cattle and sheep grazing the commons, and everywhere the fields were cut up into strips of all shapes and sizes, each ^h~~A~~ planted to its own individual crop, so that a cultivated landscape looked like an old fashioned patchwork quilt. Much of the country was in meadows and groves of trees and only a relatively small portion devoted to cultivated crops. Practically all of the houses were made of squared logs with rather low thatched roofs, and the houses were huddled together.

At 12.45 I went into the dining car and ordered ham and eggs, bread and butter, and half a bottle of wine, which was served one hour later and cost \$1.85. The ham was only half cooked, the bread was sour, but the wine was good. We were travelling through a well wooded country, with openings for villages and their surrounding fields divided into narrow strips. I saw one farm family threshing its little crop of wheat by opening up the sheaves and beating them over a horizontal bar. At another place

(1926, August, Russia.

E--2030.

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(1926, August, Russia.

E--2031.

I saw a procession of about twenty barefooted women plodding along a country road in the direction of the nearest village.

During the forenoon a young couple boarded the train and ^acame into my compartment. I suspect they were in the wrong coach but I did not object. He was fine looking young man, big, strong, clean and neat. She was shapely but with a very homely face and her dress was of poor stuff and badly worn. They had an old canvas bag that was kept from falling apart by a string tied about it, and a small leatherette case, such as one might buy at one of our ten cent stores. They were polite and quiet in manner, but could not understand any of my languages.

The last half hour before reaching Moscow was through a cut-over woodland section, soil poor in appearance, and most of the trees were small aspens. As we entered the city the most striking object was a monumental arch with bronze horses on top, and also a set of tall steel wireless towers. At the station I carried my one piece of baggage through to the front entrance, facing an open, bare, ~~unpaved~~ plaza. Here were a few dilapidated carriages and equally dilapidated horses and drivers. One of the drivers approached and I said in French "Hotel Savoy; how much?" He answered three roubles, about \$1.50. I shook my head. Other drivers gathered about. I repeated the question and exhibited one rouble. They all shook their heads, and then began to argue among each other. I held up one finger, and still they shook their heads. Then the first driver held up two fingers, and I nodded. The old horse picked his way over the cobblestones in the plaza, passed the monumental arch with the bronze horses, and turned into a broad street paved with cobblestones which he followed for nearly a mile, crossed a park, turned left and passed a monument and an enormous operahouse, and a square beyond was the hotel.

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(1926, August, Moscow.

E--2032.

The streets through which we passed were exceptionally dirty, the houses were dilapidated and very unsightly, the sidewalks crowded with people, poorly dressed, dirty, and looking like peasants or workmen in appearance and actions, and very repulsive. There were many beggars--more than I had ever seen before. The thing that impressed me most, however, was the solemn, pinched look of poverty and apprehension on the faces of the people. In that long ~~ride~~ slow ride I did not see a single well dressed, comfortable, tranquil, normal looking person. The part of the city about the Hotel Savoy was more presentable, but the hotel itself was badly run down--except its prices. When I asked the price of a single room and bath I was told it was 14 roubles a day. I finally engaged a small ~~r~~ inside room without bath or conveniences and poorly furnished for eight roubles a day.

I had intended to go out for a short walk and take some pictures, but a downpour of rain prevented, so I laid down instead and slept until 8 p.m. I had a fairly good supper in the hotel restaurant, only it cost about ten times what the same meal would have cost in Rome. To top off the supper and celebrate my arrival in Moscow I had half a bottle of wine and a hotel cigar. It was an ordinarily good cigar, but when I came to pay the bill I noted that the charge for the cigar alone was two and one-half roubles, or \$1.25, making it the most expensive cigar I ever smoked.

After supper I took a walk around the square. It was quite cold in the open air, cold enough for a heavy overcoat. Many people were on the street, including swarms of boys and girls from 14 to 18 years old. It was so cold outside that I returned to my room and rang for a maid. She came but could understand no English or French. Soon after she disappeared a manservant came

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(1926, August, Moscow.

E--2033.

and he agreed to try to find another blanket for the bed. Also I ascertained from him that the only toilet facilities on that floor were on the other side of the hotel more than half a block away.

(Note: ~~Look up shorthand draft of letter to wife~~
~~of August 15, of which there appears to be no typewrit-~~
~~ten copy).~~

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(Note: Look up shorthand draft of letter to wife of August 12, of which there appears to be no typewritten copy.)

(1926, August, Moscow.

E--2034.

Monday, August 16, fair and pleasant. I slept well under two blankets. After breakfast I got the address of the British Consul from the hotel clerk. I explained my mission to the Vice-Consul, who turned me over to the Commercial Attache, Mr. Peters, who was very courteous and helpful. He said that while the Central Bureau of Statistics is supposed to be the sole repository of and responsible for all the statistics of the country, it really is not, each commissariat having its own statistical organization. He proceeded to give me a very clear outline of the statistical organization of the country, which was very helpful.

At the hotel I asked the porter to telephone to the Central Bureau of Statistics and try to ascertain when the Commissar, Prof, Ossinsky, could see me. In the course of time word came back that the Commissar was out but was expected back at 1 p.m.

Then I stepped out on the street to look for picture post-cards and per^haps take some snapshots. I failed to find any post-cards. I stopped in front of the great opera house to take a picture of it. The sidewalk was crowded with dirty men and women, and still dirtier children. As I looked at the operahouse I saw out of one corner of my eye a dirty little ragamuffin of about ten years as he dashed^h in front of me and bumped his head or his elbow squarely in my abdomen. I brushed him impatiently aside as he wriggled under my arm and disappeared in the crowd. A moment later I felt for my watch and it was gone. Then I realized that the little wretch had bumped into me purposely to pick my pocket and get away. It was useless, of course, to try to find him in the crowd and I thought it equally useless to report the loss to the hotel. No policemen were visible.

Continuing my walk I went through a portal in the old wall about the Kremlin inclosure, took a picture of the mosque inside,

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Continuing my walk I went through a portal in the old wall about the Kremlin enclosure, took a picture of the mosque inside,

(1926, August, Moscow.

E--2035.

and returned through a market place. Seeing a jewelry shop, I stepped inside. The proprietor could speak only Russian, but I made him understand that I wanted the cheapest watch he had. The one he showed me was exactly like the nickel watches sold in other countries for one dollar, but his price was 35 roubles--about \$17.50, which was so much more than it was worth that I did not ^{buy} it. In a booth I saw some cheap cigars. They were little twisters and I got four of them for the equivalent of twenty-one cents. They were worth about half a cent each.

At 12.30 p.m. I took a carriage to the Central Bureau of Statistics. The driver did not know the way, or pretended he did not, but through the hotel porter I had made a bargain that the charge should be two roubles, which was all I paid him when we reached the bureau. The bureau was housed in a marble palace that had once belonged to a nobleman. It was surrounded by grounds inclosed by an ornamental iron fence, but no water flowed from the ~~marbel~~ fountains and weeds as high as a man's head covered the ornamental grounds almost to the front entrance. The entrance was through a small rotunda in a circle of beautiful marble columns. In this rotunda were a dozen or more young men and women, all under twenty, sitting or squatting on the dirty floor and smoking cigarettes. While obviously under twenty their faces looked pinched and old and blase. None of them paid the slightest attention to me. Looking beyond them through a corridor I saw an old man and called out to him in French. He stopped and I gave him my card and asked that it be sent to the Commissar. Without saying anything he took the card and disappeared. He returned in about fifteen minutes and in imperfect French said that the ~~P~~resident was occupied and could not see me, but that the ~~V~~ice-~~P~~resident, M. Trachteabor, would talk to me, and that the ~~C~~ouncillor,

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(1926, August, Moscow.

E--2036.

M.Dessiátovsi, would be present. I found that the interpreter spoke English imperfectly, although he said his grandfather was English. M.Tr~~y~~achteabor was a rather heavy looking man, but from time to time his face lighted up with a show of animation. He had a large desk in a large and well appointed office and was dressed in European clothes--all other men I had so far seen being garbed in peasant costume. He assured me that the communications from the Institute had been fully considered and that the Soviet government would cooperate to the fullest extent of its ability in the census, and that if I had sent them notice in advance some one would have met me at the station. He expressed regret that I would have to leave the following Friday, and with the interpreter he discussed a tentative program for my stay.

The interpreter then conducted me to the director of the agricultural section which was in an adjoining building, that was not only very dirty but smelled badly. He explained that the ~~P~~resident, Prof.Ossi~~s~~^ensky, could not see me just then because he had to preside over a council that determined the surplus or balance of agricultural production making a report to be issued ~~x~~ the following day. He talked freely about the statistical organization of the country and asked many questions about the standard form of census questionnaire recommended by the Institute, and pointed out difficulties in the way of supplying all the information asked for in Russia because of the communal system of operating land and the ~~fact~~^{fact} that private property in land was not recognized. He also said his government would cooperate in the census project, for which I thanked him on behalf of the Institute. I was informed that the regular office hours were from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

I was returned to my hotel in a large official automobile

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(1926, August, Moscow.

E--2037.

and rolled up to the hotel entrance in great style. The chauffeur refused to accept a tip.

Inside I met the New Jersey dental professor and his wife. They asked me what I thought of Moscow. When I said I believed it would not be safe to say what I thought of what I had seen, that my watch had been stolen, that prices would average about ten times as much as in any other country, and that many things that were common all over the rest of the world were not procurable in Moscow for love or money, they were somewhat taken aback.

After a short rest in my room I took a long walk and some pictures. I followed the park along the brick wall surrounding the old original castles of the Kremlin. At a little refreshment stand I bought two pears and some peanuts, which I ate in the park. Then I walked about a mile to a great cathedral with gilded domes. Beyond it I saw a small river flowing between high banks that were covered with masonry. It is a shallow stream and smelled like a sewer. Clouds and showers interfered with picture taking. Crossing a bridge was a long procession of wagons ~~drawn by~~ ^{with} big horses ~~and~~ great hoops over their necks. Returning to the walled city of the Kremlin I walked about in the glass covered market and found a few picture postcards. In a small shop outside I bought the cheapest watch I could find for which I paid the equivalent of \$7.50. It was so cheap that it did not bear the name of the German manufacturer and was about like the dollar watches in America. The streets and parks were crowded with working people dressed in badly worn clothing. I saw very few neat, well dressed, intelligent looking people on the streets. They were the most unattractive hordes of people I had so far seen. Even the little children and girls were unattractive. Streets, houses, and buildings were dirty. I could not understand why

(1926, August, Moscow.

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(1926, August, Moscow.

E--2038.

ⁱprices should be so high or why great buildings should be so badly run down, so in need of repairs, or so dirty, or why they smelled so badly unless it was caused by the accumulated dirt.

At the hotel restaurant in the evening I had a small stea^k, potatoes, bread, a piece of melon, and a bottle of beer, for the equivalent of \$2.00. Most of the guests in the restaurant were foreigners and spoke either English or German. At a table near mine was an American who was very outspoken and sarcastic in his remarks. At the next table sat a fine looking young man who spoke English to an Eurasian woman, apparently a Chinese mulatto, with fairly white complexion, coal black hair, slanting eyes, flat nose, and rather thin physique.

Returning to my room I addressed some postcards to friends in Washington and Rome. I noticed that the stamps I had purchased from the hotel clerk were printed in Esperanto. After mailing these, I walked around the square. Between the hotel entrance and the corner of the block, a distance of about one hundred yards, I counted fifteen women and girls waiting to be insulted by men, and they looked extremely slummy and repulsive. The streets were poorly lighted, all shops were closed, and there was no sign of any place of amusement.

The 17th was bright and clear. I had not slept during the night because of a host of voracious insects. From time to time I turned on the light, got up, and slew mine enemies, but reinforcements continued to arrive. My new watch, guaranteed to run for five years by the Jew gentleman from whom I bought it, stopped at 6.30 a.m. At 8 a.m. I rang for breakfast. Getting no response within a reasonable time I walked down to the hotel restaurant and there was told that nothing could be served in the restaurant until 1 p.m., but that I could have something sent up to my room.

(1926, August, Moscow.

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(1926, August, Moscow.

E--2039.

I left ~~and~~ order, returned to my room, and breakfast was served ~~shortly after 10 a.m.~~ at 11 a.m.

At 11.30 I took a carriage and was driven to the Bureau of Statistics. I arrived before the appointed time and took advantage of the opportunity to walk around the square. Everything was dirty and depressing, and the people woebegone in appearance. I noticed a wagon load of bread. It was a common farm wagon, dirty, with nothing between the loaves of bread and the bottom and sides of the wagon bed, which might have hauled a load of manure the day before, and there was a horse blanket thrown over the top. Also I saw a dray load of what looked like sacks of flour with five men sitting on top who were having a solemnly hilarious time. They drove to the next corner, turned around, and drove back. Everywhere the streets were crowded with pedestrians, all dressed in workmen's blouses, gangs of half naked ragamuffin boys, and innumerable vendors and beggars, each with a handful of vegetables, a few shoestrings, a few cigarettes, or a few sheets of writing paper and envelopes, or other articles of small value.

At noon exactly I entered the Bureau of Statistics and spent two hours with the Vice-Director and his interpreter, asking questions about their organization and methods and answering questions about the census form recommended by the Institute and how certain of those questions should be interpreted in their application to the peculiar conditions in Russia. Not once did they volunteer information, but answered all questions with apparent frankness. At the conclusion of our interview, which was very satisfactory, I said that I should like to meet someone in the "Gosplan" or superplanning commission, the President of the Central Statistical Bureau, and someone in authority in the Com-

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(1926, August, Moscow.

E--2040.

missariat of Agriculture, because I assumed that these organizations would be equally interested in the proposed agricultural census and cooperation between them would be highly desirable. They readily agreed to arrange for appointments. Again I was returned to my hotel in the official automobile.

At 2.30 I had luncheon in the hotel restaurant. Then I took a long tramp. I followed the old wall on the east side of the river. For a distance of at least six city blocks was a row of booths where all sorts of cheap merchandise was exposed for sale. On the opposite side of the walk in front of the booths was a long line of peddlers, each with a small stock of wares in a basket. The street was crowded, although no one seemed to be buying anything. Then I turned up through an old part of the city with deserted warehouses, banks, and great shops, many of them originally fine structures, but then in disuse and disrepair. I went as far as a large mosque, and then down hill toward the river through a dirty street paved with cobblestones and lined with small disreputable looking buildings. Crowds and vendors were everywhere. Some of the vendors had small watermelons. Reasoning that a freshly cut slice from the inside of a melon could not be contaminated, I had one cut and it was so sweet and good that I took a second. I came to a bridge, which I crossed. It was badly crowded with jostling people that bumped into each other like so many sheep. From it I could see other bridges above and below, as well as the old fortress, old palaces, old cathedrals with gilded domes, wharves and warehouses along the banks of the river, some old looking boats and barges, and some men and boys fishing. On the other side of the river the streets were even dirtier, and if possible more crowded with dirty people. I followed the main street for half a miles or more and took pictures of

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(1926, August/ Moscos,

E--2041

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Then I walked back through squalid surroundings, the mere sight of which was to me a sort of purgatory because of the universal filth~~and~~ ugliness. At the market place I purchased a few curious objects which I thought might serve as presents/ The large and imposing buildings in the central part of the city showed~~d~~ that at some time in the past Moscow was a prosperous city, full of educated/ well dressed, and prosperous business men, but I saw no evidence in Moscow that any of them had survived the cataclysm of the proletariat revolution, Now it looked as if it had been overrun by swarms of ignorant laborers and poverty stricken riffraff of every description, as iff they had taken possession of the fine buildings, as if no repairs or other up~~x~~-keep work had been done, so that paint and plaster were fall~~y~~-ing off, the metal roof~~y~~s and iron work were rusting and break~~y~~-ing, and dirt was allowed to collect everywhere. ~~ff~~ But the most striking and persistent impression one got was the ugliness, un~~x~~-attractiveness, despondency, fear, and apprehension, in the ex~~y~~-pression of the people, their homely faces, their worried down~~y~~-cast looks, as if they were tormented with lurking fear, ^{and} their coarse, ill~~y~~-fitting, ugly clothing. Even the babies and little children were repulsive, solemn looking little creatures, showing no inclination to smile, laugh/ or play. ~~ff~~ This atmosphere of pov~~y~~-erty, fear, and mistrust, reacts upon the few foreigners that

(1926, August, Moscow,

several churches. It was impracticable to take pictures of the people either collectively or individually because of the crowds. At one place on a side street some kind of a ceremony was under way. There was a considerable excavation and I saw a corner stone was being laid. The red flag was flying, a military band was playing, and a well dressed man made a speech. Then I walked back through awful surroundings, the mere sight of which was to me a sort of purgatory because of the universal filth and ugliness. At the market place I purchased a few curious objects which I thought might serve as presents. The large and imposing buildings in the central part of the city showed that at some time in the past Moscow was a prosperous city, full of educated, well dressed, and prosperous business men, but I saw no evidence in Moscow that any of them had survived the cataclysm of the proletarian revolution. Now it looked as if it had been overrun by swarms of ignorant laborers and poverty stricken riffraff of every description, as if they had taken possession of the fine buildings, as if no repairs or other work had been done, so that paint and plaster were falling off, the metal roofs and iron work were rusting and breaking, and dirt was allowed to collect everywhere. But the most striking and persistent impression one got was the ugliness, unattractiveness, despondency, fear, and apprehension, in the expression of the people, their homely faces, their worried, downcast looks, as if they were tormented with lurking fear, their coarse, ill-fitting, ugly clothing. Even the babies and little children were repulsive, solemn looking little creatures, showing no inclination to smile, laugh, or play. This atmosphere of poverty, fear, and mistrust, rested upon the few foreigners that

(1926, August, Moscow. E)) 2042.

are to be seen so that they too come to wear a solemn and unhappy expression. The only human looking people I saw on the streets were a few Gypsies. The Gypsy women wore bright colors and from time to time would smile at the babies they carried. Practically all other people seen in the streets, and there were always crowds of them day or night, wore ugly clothes, ugly because of the material, color, and hideous pattern, because they appeared never to have been washed or cleaned, and because they were worn in a slouchy manner. But worse than the ugly clothing was the ugly, sullen, hunted look on the faces of the people generally. ~~And then there was the ^{were} ~~hordes of beggars crossing the bridge~~~~ ~~after the guard had been taken and the bathhouse was closed. While I was crossing~~ some of them diseased and loathsome. While I was crossing the bridge a beggar held out his hat, and because I paid no attention, there being a dozen others with wolfish eyes staring at me at the same time, he gave a savage growl and struck at me with his crutch. From time to time I saw gangs of boys from eight to sixteen years old, dressed in cast off clothing, and going about like a pack of dogs. Policemen were conspicuous by their absence. A few were to be seen only in the central part of the city to direct traffic at a few corners. In all my walks I heard no sound of music, no singing, no shouting of children, no whistling, no calling back and forth between workmen, and ^{saw} no places of amusement. The entire population seemed silent and solemn. In the parks were no baby carriages and nursemaids, nor any sign of young lovers, such as one sees in other cities. Only the sun continued to shine cheerfully on this great aggregation of human misery and unhappiness, just as it does on slimy swamps. As the chill gloom of it all penetrated to my very soul I said to myself "And so this is the Communist paradise I have read and heard so much about. Well,

(1926, August, Moscow. E) 2042.

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(1926, Aug st, Moscow.

E))2043.

I can only wish that all socialists and communists, and especially their sympathizers, might have to live here for a year . I can imagine no ^{other remedy so} ~~effective remedy~~ for their mental trouble~~x~~ But, after all, there must be a mighty good reason for the situation and the sad condition of the people in Moscow. It must be that conditions for generations before the revolution were so extremely bad for the lower classes and their lives were so hard that fear and misery were bred into them and the surviving generation has never known the joy of comfortable living, the hope of bettering their lot, or freedom from abject fear. But now that they have a government of their own choosing, why can't they wash up, clean up, raise enough garden stuff and chickens to ~~have~~ something to eat, go out in the woods in the surrounding country and cut enough to keep them warm in winter, change the cut and color of their clothes, and at least hire a military band to march up and down the street to play ~~some~~ lively tunes--anything to get out of the lethargy of gloom, despondency, and apprehension?"

Wednesday, August 18, was clear and warm. Again the new watch stopped at 6.15 a.m. Apparently the hands locked at that point, which meant that it had to be set twice a day until I could get back to civilization and have the trouble remedied.

At 9.30 a.m. I entered the old and very dirty building occupied by the offices of the "Gosplan" and met Mr.Kagan, one of the officials, who explained in French the organization and work of the superplanning council, which I embodied in my report to the Institute. The interview lasted nearly an hour and was brought to a close rather abruptly by the entrance of another visitor who took his seat at my side. I suspected at the time that this was premeditated. In this, as in all ~~other offices I visited, there was a rather constant series of~~

(1936, Aug 21, Moscow.

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(1926, August, Moscow,

E--2044.

other offices I visited there was a more or less constant series of interruptions caused by subordinates entering and leaving, some of them without any apparent business. I observed also that some of the chiefs of bureaus and divisions seemed to have a monopoly of the better looking, young, well formed, women employes in their offices.

Upon returning to my room I found two maids and a man cleaning up the room. One of them pointed to a spot of blood on the sheet. I pointed to the ~~bug~~ remains of the bug that had extracted the blood from me. Then I lifted up the mattress and pointed to other members of that bug's family. One of the maids could speak a little French and I asked her ^{how} much the hotel would pay me for every bug I had killed the last two nights. She looked at me solemnly and then had an animated argument with the manservant. For the first time since I occupied it the room was set in order by noon.

After writing up my notes I asked the hotel clerk if the International Harvester Company had an agent in the city. Standing near was an old man with a gray beard who stepped up, ~~handed me his card and in fairly good English said that he was and guide and asked if he could be of any service.~~ ^{he said in fairly good English that he} handed me his card and in fairly good English said that he was and guide and asked if he could be of any service. I said I did not need a guide, but would like to know whether the International Harvester Company had a representative in the city. He ~~re~~ volunteered to look in the telephone directory. After a considerable search and several calls he succeeded in getting in communication with a former agent of the company. When I took the receiver and explained who I was, I was interrupted by a voice saying "Don't say any more over the telephone. What is the number of your room, and when can I meet you?" We made an appointment for the following day.

I walked to the state bank and for \$50.00 I bought ⁹6.30 roubles, ~~so that a rouble w cost~~

WOODSON, JANGUA, ASER)

I walked to the state bank and for \$50.00 I bought \$6.30

(1926, August, Moscow.

E--2045.

so that a rouble cost me about 52 cents. It took twenty minutes $\times$ to complete this transaction. The bank was a large institution in a fine building with military guards on all sides.

After luncheon I started out for another tramp. Not far from the hotel I entered a large photographic establishment and asked for films, but was informed they had none. I found another photographic establishment, but they had no films that would fit my pocket kodak. It began to rain and I entered a large department store. It was large building with arcades and many departments. Each department was swarming with people, but no one seemed to buy anything. I bought a small guide book and some picture postcards. In a booth outside I found some relatively cheap cigars of extremely poor quality. At another place I bought a bottle of cognac for eight roubles.

My notes are full of comments on the stolid, sullen, solemn, apprehensive looks of the people I saw every^{where}, and the utter absence of any sign of animation or^k spontaneity. The only person I saw or heard laugh while in Moscow was a Japanese gentleman in the restaurant that evening--and the Japanese are not especially noted for their hilarity.

Thursday, August 19, was clear and cool like an October day. I woke up in time to see my new watch stop at 6.15. Shortly after breakfast Mr. Brad, former representative of the International Harvester Company, called at my room. He was an elderly man, apparently German, and said he had been employed by the company for more than twenty years; that all business of the company had ceased with the coming of the revolution and he had nothing to do, but the company had continued to pay him a salary sufficient to live on, for which he was extremely grateful. After I explained that in addition to my official mis-

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My notes are full of comments on the stolid, sullen, solemn, apprehensive looks of the people I saw every, and the utter absence of any sign of animation or spontaneity. The only person I saw or heard laugh while in Moscow was a Japanese gentleman in the restaurant that evening--and the Japanese are not especially noted for their hilarity.

Thursday, August 19, was clear and cool like an October day. I woke up in time to see my new watch stop at 6.15. Shortly after breakfast Mr. Brad, former representative of the International Harvester Company, called at my room. He was an elderly man, apparently German, and said he had been employed by the company for more than twenty years; that all business of the company had ceased with the coming of the revolution and he had nothing to do, but the company had continued to pay him a salary sufficient to live on, for which he was extremely grateful. After I explained that in addition to my official mis-

(1926, August, Moscow.

E--2046/

sion I was trying to get as much information as to business conditions as possible that might affect agriculture, he first said he would have to get permission from his company before he could talk. I laughed at him, saying that I was an American and his company was American, and as I was leaving in a day or two there would not be time to communicate with the company, and that in any event I did not wish to embarrass him, that I did not wish any information about the details of his company's business, but would appreciate anything he felt like telling me about general conditions in Russia; and if he did not care to talk about that to simply say so and our interview could end without further loss of time to him. I added that I had already talked with some of the Soviet officials, had taken long walks and used my eyes, and simply wished to verify my impressions by talking with some one who was not a Soviet official and had lived in Moscow for some years.

I asked him whether business was satisfactory/ He replied that it was very poor and that the present situation could not last. I asked why. He said because it was an impossible situation and as long as it lasted there could be no business. He said that one reason was the corruption of government officials and another was their instability in office. As an example, he said that about a year before his company decided to reopen an office in Moscow, not because they expected to make any sales but as headquarters for advertising purposes. They applied to the government for a permit and got it only by bribing everybody who had anything to do with it. Quarters were rented, equipment and supplies ordered and delivered, and he moved in. Within a week he was notified by the government to return the permit, and rather than subject his company to another

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(1926, August, Moscow.

E--2047.

er set of bribes the permit was surrendered and cancelled and the office was closed. He said that in South Russia^a, the region of large grain growing estates, the situation was as bad as could be, and that the large estates had been operated by the government at a loss, largely because of the inefficiency and dishonesty of the managers. Each manager seemed to think that it was a chance to make something for himself, and when one was removed his successor did exactly the same. He said that the promised subdivision of the land among the peasants had been a severe disappointment, that the peasants could not leave their small holdings to find employment in the cities without forfeiting such rights as they had, and those that went to the cities and did not succeed in finding employment were compelled to return to their villages to starve because they could not regain their former holdings and no new land would be assigned to them. He expressed the opinion that the government crop reports and statistics were utterly unreliable. He said that the revolution and all subsequent measures had been solely for the benefit^e of the city workers and the the peasants were worse off then before the war; that when a peasant ventured to protest against the burdensome taxes and the appropriation of his crops and other property a squad of soldiers would come to his home and shoot him in the presence of his family.

At 11 a.m. I called at the Central Bureau of Statistics and had a satisfactory interview with Mr. Obolinski-Ossin~~z~~ski, the Commissar of Statistics, ^{and} a former Commissar of Agriculture, whom I had met in Washington in December, 1924. He spoke English quite well, was courteous, and spoke freely about the statistical organization and the situation of agriculture. With respect to the future development of agriculture he suggested that I see Prof. Kondrakoff, who had been employed by the planning coun-

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(1926, August, Moscow/

E--2048.

cil with a group of specialists to prepare a program which had been adopted. Prof.Ossinski was kind enough to personally telephone for an appointment with Prof.^x Kondrakoff for the same afternoon and write out his address, saying as he did so that the professor was confined to his bed because of an automobile accident. Our interview ended at 1.15 p.m.

I had a rather unsatisfactory luncheon at the hotel. My passport^e, after much persistent follow-up work, was delivered to me with visees in order and a written permit to leave the country, which I considered as perhaps the greatest privilege of my life. I tipped the porter liberally and he undertook to obtain transportation back to Riga on the train leaving the following evening.

At 3.15 p.m. I took a taxi to the address of Prof.Kondr^xkoff. The taxi stopped in front of a three story building with three separate entrances to business establishments below, on a side street. I inquired of a man in uniform in front of the building, showing him the address written by Commissar Ossisnski. He directed me to a side entrance that led into an interior court behind the building on the street. There I saw a boy and he directed me up a stairway. There I met a man in uniform and he directed me to the second entrance. I went up the stairs to the first landing where I met a young man and he directed me back to the first entrance. There I went up the stairs and met a woman who directed me back to the second floor of the second entrance. Again I climbed the stairs and rang a door bell. A dilapidated looking maid answered in French and directed me to the third entrance. There I met a man who pointed up stairs. On the third floor in a dark corridor I found a door bearing the number I was looking for. I rang the bell and it was answered by an intelligent looking young woman

(1936, August, Moscow)

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(1926, August, Moscow.

E--2049.

by an intelligent looking young woman who assured me in fairly good English that this was the right place. ~~At~~ After apologizing for her husband's receiving me in bed she took me into his room. It was a small hall bedroom with one window, a single iron cot, a small table, one chair, and a few books. The professor was a heavy set man with a heavy face, black hair and eyes, and said that he had met with an accident in company with Commissar Ossinski and had suffered a broken leg. He spoke very good English and answered my questions freely, as summarized in my report to the Institute. His face lighted up when I referred to his visit to the United States and he spoke with feeling of the warm reception he had received, and asked me especially to remember him to various members of my Bureau in Washington for their courtesy to him. I could not help but contrast the situation of this highly educated gentleman, recognized as one of the leading scientific agricultural specialists of Russia, living in apparent poverty in a small flat on the third floor of an interior alley court, with the situation of men of similar standing in other countries. Our interview lasted nearly two and a half hours.

Returning to my room at 6 p.m. I found that the bed had not been made up or the room set in order. ^hWhile writing up my notes a good looking maid entered. I tried to talk to her, but she understood only Russian. I offered her a tip as she was leaving, but she shook her head and smiled.

For supper I had a piece of fried fish, some ripe tomatoes and a bottle of beer at a cost of \$2.25, which was rather steep when one considers that there was no other vegetable or meat, no butter, no desert, and no coffee or tea. I felt highly

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(1926, August, Moscow.

E--2050.

elated at the prospect that this would be my last night in Moscow and that within twentyfour hours I would be on a train headed out and away.

Friday, August 23, cl^aer and pleasant. After breakfast I boarded a motorbus without the slightest idea of where it was bound, simply trusting that it or another would bring me back to the starting point. It soon filled to capacity. It was a ride of several miles to the terminous far beyond the suburbs. We traversed long streets, passed a park with a pond full of flamingoes, a large cemetery, military barracks and wireless towers where many regimentsof young soldiers were drilling. The bus stopped at a little station near a grove and a small restaurant. Some of the passengers dispersed in the grove and others sat at little tables under the trees and drank beer. On the return trip the bus was even worse crowded than it was going out. Upon my return I ~~took a~~ walk^{ed} through the Kremlin and took pictures of Lenine's tomb and of the churches.

Luncheon at the hotel was very unsatisfactory, but cost \$2.25. During a walk along the market booths I bought a supply of cheap and very bad cigars and then sat in a park awhile. I was immediately joined by a little man with whiskers who tried to talk German to me. Two Gⁱpsy woman came up and I gave them some small coins to get rid of them. However, they made one of the few bright spots I saw in Moscow because they had some color in their dresses and smiled and acted quite human.

At the hotel it took two whole hours to find the porter who had kept my railway ticket since the previous day, get a statement of my account, and have it checked and ~~p~~recepted after I paid it. I brought my bag down myself and asked the porter to get a taxi to take me to the railway station. He reminded me that I owed him one percent on the cost of the rail-

related as the prospect that this would be my last night in Moscow and that within twenty-four hours I would be on a train headed out and away.

Friday, August 28, clear and pleasant. After breakfast

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(1926, August, Russia.

E--2051.

minded me that I owed him one per cent on the cost of the railway ticket, which I paid. The taxi proved to be a dilapidated carriage, horse, and driver. Slowly and solemnly we drove across the solemn city. The way was long, the street paved with cobblestones, and the movement of the horse was rather up and down than forward. . Our progress was so slow that I became apprehensive that I might miss my train. However the old horse took fright at the clanging of a tram car behind us and speeded up on the last lap so that we reached the station a few minutes before the train was scheduled to leave. There were several trains in the station and I had some difficulty in ascertaining which one I was to take. There were three platforms with signs indicating that trains left at 6 p.m., 6.10 p.m., and 6.20 p.m. I asked at least six people which train would leave for Riga and at last a man pointed to the 6 o'clock train . Before each entrance was a crowd of at least 150 people. I crowded and pushed with the rest and finally got through and found my compartment which was already occupied with suitcases/ I cleared a space on the seat and sat down with my one valise between my feet/ Soon a young man entered who appeared very angry at finding someone else in his compartment/ I professed the utmost indifference. This unpleasant situation lasted until the conductor came through to check up on the passengers and he conducted me to another compartment which I was to have all to myself.

It was with a feeling of great satisfaction that I felt the train moving away from Moscow and that I was to have the privacy of a compartment. At 7.30 I explored until I found the dining car, had a fairly satisfactory supper, and celebrated my escape from Moscow with half a bottle of wine.

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(1926, August, Russia.

E--2052/

Saturday, August 21. I woke up at 6 a.m. with the comfortable feeling that in another day I would be again back in a civilized country. With this comfortable feeling I dozed for another hour, then dressed and inquired for the dining car. The porter said there was no diner and would be none, and that the train would not stop at any place where we could get something to eat. He brought me a glass of tea for which I paid him the equivalent of fifteen cents. The morning was foggy and quite cold. The fields were covered with a blanket of fog. About 10 a.m. we passed through a shower and the sky began to clear.

~~PP~~ We reached the boundary at 9.45 a.m. and were herded into the ~~guarded~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ customhouse under guard. The stable-boy inspector who examined my baggage was especially suspicious of the printed matter I had acquired in Moscow, especially the little guide book, two copies of the census program I had with me, and a diagram of the organization of the Central Statistical Bureau. However he passed everything, but I was not permitted to leave the guardhouse until the last package was examined and we were marched back to the train. Although there were only six passengers, it took the stableboys nearly two hours to play with the baggage. A young Russian of Jewish appearance had a lot of trouble with a bag full of music. Every sheet was examined on both sides and held up to the light. It was only after much argument, accusations by the stable boys and expostulations by the young man, that he was at last ¹allowed to take up his ~~pre~~xious music. ~~PP~~ Then for half an hour the train moved slowly with an armed guard in each coach until we reached Indra, which I judged was on the Latvian side because here the Russian armed guards departed and some spruce, smiling, courteous inspectors came aboard, glanced at our baggage without opening it and took up our passports.

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(1926, August, Latvia.

E--2053.

However, there was no restaurant or booth at the little station where one could get anything to eat.

We left Indra at 12.55 p.m. and for two hours passed through an attractive agricultural country. We reached Liksna at 3.45 p.m. As the train passed the station I spied a buffet lunch booth, and when the train came to a stop a few blocks beyond I ascertained from the porter that it would stop for twenty minutes. I walked rapidly back to the station and bought a box of English crackers and a bottle of beer and hurried back to the train. My coach had been transferred to another train and I had some difficulty in finding it. The crackers, the first food I had that day, were stale and not very palatable. There were no time-tables and no conductor on the train, and the porter was surly and professed ignorance so that I could not ascertain when the train would reach Riga, but referring back to my notes of the trip out I estimated we would arrive about 9.30 p.m. From that time on I began to have visions of the hotel in Riga, the bright cheerful restaurant and to think of the good things I would order for supper, and the glass of foaming beer that I would treat myself to as compensation for the long tiresome, mealless ride from Moscow.

Our train pulled into Riga at 9 p.m. Glory, Halleluyah, here at last. A crowd was at the station to greet incoming passengers. The streets were ablaze with light. There was much movement and people were walking about with their wives and children, talking, laughing, contented and happy, as if there were no such thing as the Russian nightmare of fear, apprehension and grinding poverty that was so oppressive in Moscow. I was driven to the hotel where the porters and servants remembered me and gave me smiling and willing service, and I was given

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(1926, August, Latvia.

E--2053.

(1926, August, Riga.

E--2054.

my old room. My trunk and large suitcase were sent up within a few minutes and I felt quite at home.

I went down to the restaurant at 9.30 p.m. My, how bright and pleasant it looked with all the tables covered with white linen, clean ware, and food, with cheerful people sitting about enjoying themselves, and the orchestra playing cheerful music. Then came a surprise. With my supper I ordered a glass of beer and was told that it could not be served because under the law intoxicating liquors could not be sold Saturday afternoons, Sundays, or other holidays. I was ~~a little~~ disappointed because I had looked forward to a glass of their excellent beer as a sort of compensation for the discomfort and privations of many long hours on the train. Then I noticed a curious thing. Each of the diners had a large coffee cup filled with a liquid resembling coffee at the side of his plate; also a napkin neatly folded in the form of a pyramid. While I was considering ~~this~~ ^{these} phenomena I observed a guest at the next table carefully lift up the napkin pyramid, disclosing a wine glass full of a crystal clear liquid, from which he took a sip. Others were doing the same. Suddenly it dawned upon me what it was all about. I beckoned to the head waiter and said that I wanted a cup of ^{coffee} ~~water~~ and a small glass of water ~~of~~ the same ~~quality~~ as my neighbors had. They were brought and proved to be beer and spirits. So that was the way the restaurant served its customers in Riga, despite the law. An excellent supper was served, a nice juicy steak and fried potatoes, some vegetables, good bread and butter, and fresh raspberries for desert, together with the special brand of Riga coffee and water. Now was I filled with content and felt that my troubles were over.

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and fried potatoes, some vegetables, good bread and butter,

and fresh raspberries for desert, together with the special brand

of Riga coffee and water. Now was I filled with content and

felt that my troubles were over.

(1926, August, Riga/

E--2055.

Sunday, August 22, clear, hot in the sun, but cool in the shade. After breakfast I took a walk over to the river. All business houses were closed and the streets deserted. Many church bells rang. A gentle breeze was blowing and the surface of the river rippled in the sunlight. I wanted to take a trip out to the Beach, but had no Latvian money and could get none on Sunday., so I returned to my room and spent the rest of the day writing letters.

(Draggoni, Aug. ~~22~~ gray folder.

(Olsen, ~~same~~.

Mother ✓

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(Dragon, Aug. 22 Gray folder.)

(Olsen, same.)

W. Olsen

Spencer
"Riga, 22 August 1926.

"Mr. Carlo Dragoni,
"Secrétaire General,
"Institut International d'Agriculture,
"Rome.

"Dear Mr. Dragoni:

"I have just returned from a week spent at Moscow. I had long and satisfactory interviews with the officials of the Central Bureau of Statistics, including Mr. Obolinsky-Ossinsky, the President or Commisar, Mr. Zae Trachtenhov, Vice-President, Mr. Nemchamnef Sergesivich, Chief of the Section of Agricultural Statistics of the Bureau, Mr. Alexander Kogan, Vice-President of the "Gosplan" (State Planning Commission), Professor H.D. Kondratoff, professor of agricultural economics in the University and head of a group of economists and statisticians in the "Zemplan" of the Commissariat for Agriculture. (I am not sure of the correct spelling of these names, because the Soviet officials do not have printed cards and their autograph signatures are almost illegible.)

"These officials assured me that the Soviet government will join in the world census of 1930, and for that purpose they decided to postpone the agricultural census they had intended to take in 1927. In lieu of the agricultural census in 1927 they will take a census of population, and in 1928 a census of industries. For the census of population, industries, and agriculture they estimated 52,000,000 roubles would be required, and 10,000,000 roubles has been authorized for the population census. They say that the census of population is extremely important because the last census was taken in 1920 (?) and was very incomplete, the country being in a state of civil war and not in communication with several important republics of the Union in the south and east.

"My interview with the Chief of the Agricultural Section lasted for three hours and was mostly taken up with a discussion of

the standard form and its application to Russian conditions. The four principal points in question were: (1) Tenure, i.e., farm operator, which in Russia is still chaotic and wholly different from other countries. I called his attention to the phrase in the standard form "or who holds or controls the land and its products under a special form of tenure," which he agreed was sufficient to meet Russian conditions.

"(2) He ~~said~~ said it would be impossible to show for each "operator" the area of forest, meadow land, etc. of which he has the use, although the land cultivated by him could be shown. I suggested that it would be sufficient for international purposes if the Russian census will show the subdivision or classification of land by communes or districts, and he agreed that this can be done.

"(3) The questions relating to temporary labor on the date of the census are wholly unsatisfactory to the Bureau as being incomplete and inadequate for ^{its} ~~the~~ purposes, but he agreed that the information could be furnished, although it could have but little value

"(4) The Soviet government needs and expects to collect a vast amount of detailed information relating to the social and financial status of the agricultural population which the standard form does not include. I explained the reasons why it is of paramount importance that the standard form for use in all countries, many of them without census experience, should be kept simple, and called his attention to the statement that countries are free to include in their census schedules such additional items as may be of special interest to them. He ~~said~~ said that was satisfactory.

"Mr. Sergesivich said that for the crop reports the Bureau had 50,000 correspondents, some of whom receive compensation in the form of publications, but most of them serve without any compensation. The reports come directly to the Central Bureau. The five-

point system is used for reporting crop conditions. As a basis of estimating crop areas two forms of census are taken annually in the spring; one comprises every tenth farm, or land cultivated by every tenth of head of a family, taken in consecutive order from the communal lists; and the other a complete census of typical areas, comprising all land within the district--about three per cent of the total cultivated area of the country, which census is repeated for the same areas annually. These censuses of areas and also estimates of production and stocks are controlled by special investigations. The second or district censuses are taken by ⁱtrained employes of the government, about 10,000 in number. A most important feature of the Soviet crop estimating system are the coefficients of correction that have been formulated on the bases of careful analyses of former estimates through a series of years and special investigations since the Revolution. President Ossinsky said that the bias (understatements by the peasants and correspondents) will average as much as 20% in the southern provinces, 15% in the great cereal black belt, and about 7% in the northern half of the country. Formulas have been worked out for applying these coefficients of correction to the estimates for all parts of the country.

"My interview with the President, Mr. Ossinsky, related principally to the question of organization of the Central Bureau of Statistics, and to present ⁱagricultural conditions. He said that statistics are of ⁱvital importance to the Soviet Government, all their plans for the future being based on them; that the Central Bureau was organized to control all the official statistics of the country; that the head of the bureau has the same rank in the Supreme Council as that of other cabinet members; that the Bureau has about 400 permanent and 400 temporary employes in Moscow, and about 6000 in the different republics and territories; that the Bureau is without ade-

quate mechanical equipment and that Vice-President Trachtenbov will soon visit the United States to investigate the use of mechanical devices in that country with a view to purchasing equipment for the Bureau; that in the past, and even at present, the statistics of Russia, including agricultural statistics, have not been and ~~as~~ are not yet entirely satisfactory, but that efforts are being made to perfect the organizations and methods so as to improve their quality and accuracy.

"He ~~said~~ said that the old organization of the Bureau was by functional units, as follows:

- (1) General office--administration.
- (2) Supplies.
- (3) Finance.
- (4) Secretariat.
- (5) Scientific Statistical Methodology.
- (6) Methodology of agricultural systems.
- (7) Foreign statistics.
- (8) Social statistics.
- (9) Municipal statistics.
- (10) Finance and credit.
- (11) Transportation and communication.
- (12) Cooperative associations.
- (13) Visible stocks of commodities.
- (14) Statistics of consumption.
- (15) Statistics of foreign trade.
- (16) Statistics of internal trade.
- (17) Statistics of labor.
- (18) Current industrial statistics (monthly).
- (19) Basis industrial statistics (annual).
- (20) Budget statistics.

- (21) Agricultural Statistics.
- (22) Statistical census of basic data.
- (23) Current crop and agricultural statistics.
- (24) Land and cadastral statistics.
- (25) Statistics of education.
- (26) Military statistics.
- (27) Moral statistics.
- (28) Health statistics.
- (29) Demographical statistics.
- (30) Library (has over 300,000 volumes).
- (31) Scientific and educational institutions.
- (32) Organizing and supervising statistical work in statistical branches of provincial bureaus.
- (33) Editorial and publications.
- (34) Museum and graphic section.

"These divisions were under the direction of a president (~~1917~~), two vice-presidents, and a scientific statistical council composed of the chiefs of the various divisions. The Bureau has this year been reorganized on the basis of purpose, as follows:

- (1) Social and Moral Statistics--includes demographic, moral, health, and educational statistics.
- (2) Agricultural--includes current agricultural statistics, dynamic agricultural statistics (annual and census), balance of agricultural production, and budget statistics (farm accounts).
- (3) Industrial--dynamic statistics (annual and semi-annual material showing trends), balance of industry, and statistics of labor.
- (4) Trade, Finance, and Communication--includes current trade statistics, dynamic trade statistics, balance of trade,

financial statistics, external trade (data collected by Commissar of Foreign Trade), general balance, and cooperative statistics.

(5) Censuses--population, industry, agriculture, and trade.

(6) Statistical Planning Commission--a commission to plan statistical organization, systems and methods for entire country, with a corps of inspectors to see that the plans are fulfilled; and a Conjuncture Bureau, to summarize current statistics and to coordinate them into a harmonious whole. In other words this branch will have a Bureau of Planning and a Bureau of Scientific Statistical Research.

"The Planning Commission mentioned in the last section is the 'Zemplan' of the Bureau which works with the 'Gosplan' referred to later. Military statistics will be under the Commissar for the military establishment, but kept in accordance with the plans of the Central Bureau.

"With respect to the agricultural situation this year, Mr. Ossinsky expressed the opinion, after referring to memoranda on his desk, that the crop conditions in the 'Black Belt', which extends from the southwest in a northeasterly direction to the Ural Mountains, are about the same as last year, but both south and north of this central zone the prospects are less favorable than last year. This situation just about offsets the increased acreage, so that the total production will be slightly above last year, but the exportable surplus will be about the same; the small surplus not going into export will bring the peasants' reserve stocks up to about prewar normal.

"Regarding probable future trends, Mr. Ossinsky suggested that I consult Professor Kondratoff, who had made a special study of

the subject with a group of experts and had prepared an agricultural program for the Soviet government. I had a three-hour interview with Professor Kondratoff, whose conclusions may be briefly summarized as follows:

- (1) Russia's exports were completely shut off during the war.
- (2) Russian agriculture was badly disorganized by the Revolution, by the civil war that followed, by the dislocation of transportation and markets, by the breaking up of estates, by the deterioration of farm machinery and equipment, and by the requisitioning of farm products by the government without compensation.
- (3) The establishment of the New Economic Policy, permitting peasant farmers to sell surplusses has brought about a quicker recovery than had been expected, and it is believed that one more favorable season will bring crop areas and production up to prewar normal; cattle and swine have already recovered, but there is still a shortage of work horses and farm machinery.
- (4) The operation of large estates as such by the government having proved a failure--unprofitable--and the problem of overpopulation and land hunger of peasants continuing, in all probability the average size farm in future will be 'middle' size, that is, the number of large estates and very small holdings will diminish.
- (5) That dairy and swine production in the northern half of the country and near large cities will probably continue to increase.

(6) That cereal production will continue to increase in the central southern 'Black Belt,' but because of smaller size of farms, diversified farming, increase in population, and increase in per capita and total consumption, exportable surpluses of cereals are not likely to equal or exceed prewar exports.

(7) Increases may be expected in the production of the so-called industrial crops, such as flax, cotton, tobacco, and sugar beets.

"The Professor gave me a copy of the pamphlet 'Prospective Plan of Development of Russian Agriculture and Forestry,' which was published by the Soviet government in 1924. He said that he had also prepared, in collaboration with other specialists, bulletins on 'The Mir System of Periodical Redistribution of Land,' 'Prospects of Our Forestry,' which also has been published and of which copies are no doubt on file in the Institute. If not, they should be requested.

"Another book that the Institute should have is Yakolev's 'Mistakes in Calculating the Grain and Fodder Balance Sheet of Russia,' presumably also on file in the Institute. Also I would expect the Institute to have copies of both the unabridged and the condensed Yearbook of the Central Bureau of Statistics.

"My interview with Mr. Kogan, Vice-President of the Gosplan (State Planning Commission), was interesting. He explained that each of the six republics and the ten territories into which the country is divided, and each of their provinces and bureaus, has a 'Zemplan,' (planning commission), and at the head of the system is the State Planning Commission, which exists as a separate and independent organization, composed of sixteen members of the various commissariats, with power to call upon the specialists of the various universities and commissariats, and for any and all statistical and

economic data, but which has no administrative or executive functions and acts only in an advisory capacity. The purpose of the 'Gosplan' is to plan for well balanced production, distribution, and economic life of the nation, basing its plans or programs upon an exhaustive analytical study of statistics and situations of each economic factor; to formulate short and long time programs for each department of the government; and to follow up each of the programs, analyze causes of failure or nonfulfillment, and suggest the necessary measures to insure fulfillment. He made the statement that the statistics supplied to the Gosplan, especially those for agriculture, are inaccurate and exceedingly unsatisfactory, and that is why the Commission is so deeply interested in the agricultural census proposed by the Institute.

"Returning to my interview with Mr. Ossinsky, President of the Central Bureau, when at an opportune moment I asked the direct question 'When does the Soviet Government expect to resume relations with the International Institute of Agriculture which were interrupted by the downfall of the old regime,' he replied 'As soon as the necessary funds are available. Lack of funds is the only reason why we are not now in active relations with the Institute.'

"A little later at another opportune moment, I asked the further direct question: 'On the same street and near the building occupied by the Gosplan I saw a large sign "International Agrarian Institute" which aroused my curiosity; what sort of an institute is it? I came near going in and asking questions, but thought I would probably get a better answer from you; is it an organization to promote the agrarian reform that is taking place in many European countries?' He showed some embarrassment, but answered to the effect that the great country-wide organization of peasants thought they could organize an institute for the collection and dissemination of international agricultural statistics, but the organization had not made and could not make much

headway because of the reluctance of other nations to cooperate; that in his judgment the attempt was bound to fail, and had already failed, to accomplish the purpose for which it was organized; and ~~that~~ that he (Mr. Ossinsky) would recommend that it be restricted in its activities; that the Institute of Agriculture at Rome was already organized and established to serve as a clearing house for international agricultural statistics and had the support of all the principal governments, and it was therefore useless and absurd for any ~~an~~ other organization to attempt to duplicate the work of the Rome Institute; as a matter of fact, however, the International Agrarian Institute had made a special study of the ~~g~~ agrarian reform movement and had monographs on the subject in its ~~p~~ portfolio which would probably be published in the near future.

"I called to my hotel room the representative of a foreign commercial firm doing an international business and put some questions to him. He was exceedingly pessimistic. He said that agriculture, industry, and commercial business had gone to pieces, that the present regime was a colossal failure and could not last much ~~b~~ longer. Said the attempt of the government to operate large estates and industrial establishments, and to conduct an export business, had resulted in great financial losses; that the prohibitively high prices in Russia result from an unheard of burden of taxation, corruption, in all government offices, and that the inefficiency, confusion, and uncertainty that exist in the complicated central and provincial governments have abolished all initiative and the people are helpless.

"The country between Riga and Moscow is all of the same general character, flat, without hills or mountains, but with some sand dunes and ponds, about ten per cent wet peaty marsh, sixty per cent in pine and white poplar or birch forests, and

about thirty per cent cultivated in oats, rye, barley, wheat, buckwheat, flax, potatoes, millet and fodder crops. Crops generally only 'fair,' rye and wheat harvest about completed and stubble immediately plowed under, oats and barley ripening and harvest beginning. Country thickly populated and houses made of logs and roofs made of straw thatch; mechanical equipment and roads poor.

"Prices in Moscow from 200 to 2000 per cent higher than in civilized countries; factories running part time only; much unemployment, and more poverty and beggary than I have observed elsewhere.

"(Personal, confidential, and not for publication: My private opinions and impressions of Moscow and what I saw cannot be expressed in writing. The most diplomatic thing I can say is that life in Moscow seems to me to be the apotheosis of ugliness--the glorification of filth. It is the best place I know of to stay away from. If an American or a Latin had to live there without hope of escape he would surely die of a broken heart or commit suicide. 'Basta' for the present.)

"I had to return direct to Riga to get my baggage and papers which I left here to prevent them from being confiscated at the border. After watching customs inspection I am glad I was forewarned. I will proceed to Reval tomorrow or next day, and then to Helsingfors, and on with the regular itinerary.

"With best wishes, I am

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Riga, Latvia, 23 August 1926.

"Mr. Nils A. Olsen,
"Assistant Chief,
"Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
"U.S. Department of Agriculture,
"Washington, D.C.

"Dear Mr. Olsen:

"I inclose for your information a copy of my report to the Secretary General of the International Institute of Agriculture relative to my visit to Moscow. It is about as complete an answer as I can give in writing to your letter of July 7. I had to trust to memory, because I could not ~~take~~ take your letter in with me without its being confiscated or myself landing in prison-- also many questions the officials at Moscow simply cannot answer because they don't know.

"To the last paragraph in my report I will simply add that conditions in Moscow are ^{incredibly} deplorable.

"I leave for Reval (capital of Esthonia) tonight, then to Helsingfors, Stockholm, Oslo, and southward through intervening countries to Rome, where I should arrive about the first of November.

"With best regards, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

Wm. L. Davis, 25 August 1961

Mr. W. L. Davis,
Assistant Chief,
Department of Agricultural Research,
U.S. Department of Agriculture,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Davis:

I enclose for your information a copy of my report to the Secretary General of the International Institute of Agriculture relative to my visit to Mexico. It is about as complete as I can give in writing to your letter of July 7. I had to limit to memory, because I could not include your letter in with me without the being considered as a self-serving in print. Also many questions the officials of Mexico simply cannot answer because they don't know.

In the last paragraph of my report I will simply add that conditions in Mexico are changing.

I have for you a list of names of persons, then to Belknap, Houston, Ohio, and somewhat through interesting statistics to show, which I should have about the time of November.

With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

John S. Ketchum

(I guess something else)
"Riga, Latvia, 23 August 1926."

"Dear Mother:

"It is your turn for a letter. Some of your letters must have gone astray, the last one being dated July 11. However, there may be something for me at Reval, capital of Esthonia, where I shall be tomorrow.

"On the 14th of August I left Riga at 11 a.m., and arrived at Moscow the following day at 3 p.m. I took only the clothes I wore and a small valise with a change of underwear and some handkerchiefs, shaving outfit and some blank notepaper. The rest of my baggage, records, and photographs I left in Riga to prevent confiscation by the Bolsheviks at the border. I am glad I took this precaution after seeing the way in which the customs officials went through the baggage of other passengers and what they did to it. The Bolshevik regulations permit a man to take with him only two collar buttons, two cravats, twelve handkerchiefs, two suits, and other things in proportion, subject to confiscation of all in excess.

"On the train I got acquainted with an American dentist of Russian birth and his college-bred American wife. He was returning to Moscow after 23 years to meet relatives, and he thought his country and people had been much maligned. However, when we reached the border we were penned in a log cabin room ^{under military guard} for two solid hours while the Bolshevik ruffians went through everything, handling each article as if it were a potato or a brick, and leafed through every book, ^{and} magazine, and examined every letter and sheet of paper on both sides and between the lines. Heaven only knows what they were looking for. It was a real comedy to watch the expression on the faces of my American-Russian acquaintances, the two of them having brought several large packing cases full of almost new clothing--a complete

Prague, 22 August 1945.

Dear Mother:

"It is your turn for a letter. Some of your letters must have gone astray. The last one being dated July 11. However, there may be something for me at Kovel, central of Eastern, where I shall be tomorrow.

"On the 14th of August I left Kovel at 11 a.m., and arrived at Moscow the following day at 3 a.m. I took only the clothes I wore and a small valise with a change of underwear and some handkerchiefs, shaving outfit and some blank newspaper. The rest of my baggage, records, and photographs I left in Kovel to prevent confiscation by the Bolsheviks at the border. I am glad I took this precaution after seeing the way in which the customs officials went through the baggage of other passengers and what they did to it. The Bolshevik regulations permit a man to take with him only two collar buttons, two cravats, twelve handkerchiefs, two suits, and other things in proportion, subject to confiscation of all in excess.

"On the train I got acquainted with an American dentist of Russian birth and his college-bred American wife. He was returning to Moscow after 15 years to meet relatives, and he thought his country and people had been much maligned. However, when we reached the border we were panned in a log cabin room for two solid hours while the Bolshevik officials went through everything, handling each article as if it were a potato or a brick, and tested through every book, magazine, and examined every letter and sheet of paper on both sides and between the lines. Heaven only knows what they were looking for. It was a real comedy to watch the expression on the faces of my American-Russian acquaintances, the two of them having brought several large packing cases full of almost new clothing--a complete

outfit for man and wife on a long journey. Also they came through Paris when the dollar was highest and the franc lowest and they took advantage of the opportunity to buy such things as gloves, cravats, silk lingerie, and the like. Several suits of clothes, pairs of shoes and slippers, and many small articles were promptly laid to one side by the customs Bolshevik stable-boy. The wife's most intimate garments were rudely tousled and held up at arm's length in full view and for the benefit of spectators. The husband stood aghast, white and inarticulate. The wife went white and pink by turns, but she was game and when I winked at her she responded with a wan little smile. The net result was that the husband was invited to pay \$150 penalty for having in his possession superfluous clothing and luxuries. The Bolsheviks have so far relaxed their regulations in favor of foreigners--whose governments have money to loan or recognition to grant--as to permit excess baggage to be sent back under bond to another city, which my acquaintance in this case did.

"I escaped lightly. When the Bolsheviks looked into my rusty little old valise, half empty, they shoved it aside contemptuously and asked how much money I had. I lied like a gentleman and answered 'Very little, Your Honors; I travel on my good looks and contributions from generous but misguided governments;' and then I opened up my purse and let them count and recount the few chervonets, roubles and kopecks I had with me--just enough to get something to eat and pay cab fares to the hotel. No one was permitted to leave the room until the last piece of baggage was examined, all fines and penalties assessed and paid, and all the necessary and unnecessary bookkeeping done, a matter of more than two hours for about 25 passengers, most of whom had very little.

"I traveled second class in the only 'soft' car in the train,

all others being third class or 'hard.' In the 'soft' coach each passenger had a whole seat to himself with a cushion on it. In the 'hard' coaches the seats were hard, without cushions, backs straight up, and passengers are packed in solid, with others standing in the aisles and between seats, and baggage piled anywhere or everywhere.

"I will never forgive the American Consul for not warning me about the lack of eating facilities. There are supposed to be restaurants en route, and there are--but only two that have anything in them. The others are simply vacant rooms with the sign 'Buffet' on the outside, and the train goes right by them without stopping, or if it stops it is only for two or three minutes. At 1 p.m. I began to get interested in knowing when I would have a chance to get something to eat. The stable-boy who acted as Pullman porter on my train de luxe could speak only Russian, so I got no satisfaction out of him. I then told my American friend, who understood some Russian, to whistle when we came to a restaurant. We reached one at 2.30 p.m. and another at 5 p.m., and no more until the following day a diner was attached to the train. Practically all the natives carried their food with them.

"The country between Riga and Moscow is flat, mostly sandy pine woods, poor soil, poor crops, and poor livestock. Villages are fairly close together, mostly from a quarter to half a mile from the railway, and consist of clumps of log cabins with old straw roofs, few or no windows and few chimneys. The farming is what is called 'strip farming,' that is, each peasant or head of a family has the right to cultivate certain strips of land scattered about in different directions, the strips being from six to sixty feet wide. He cannot own the land or sell it, but may cultivate it for a period of years, and then there is a redistribution and he may be given the right to use other strips in place of those he first

had. Each strip has a different crop, rye, barley, wheat, oats, buckwheat, potatoes, poppies, clover, etc., so that the cultivated part of the country looks like an old bed quilt. Wheat is nearly harvested and oats are ripening. Potatoes and buckwheat are in bloom. Nearly one-fourth of the land is in peat bogs and swamps and badly in need of drainage, and over half the land is in pine and white poplar or birch woods. Almost the entire distance from Riga to Moscow the railway is bordered on either side by spruce hedges, which serve as fences to keep the livestock off in summer and the snow from drifting in winter. Winter lasts more than six months and summer not more than two. Inside and between the hedges the banks are well graded and sown to grass which the peasants mow for forage so that the rail right-of-way with its green grass, hedges, and the beautiful green back of the hedges, looks like a well kept park.

"Practically all the women in the country and many of the women in the town wear no shoes or stockings and work in the fields, on the roads, or in the lumber yards like men--often doing the heavier work while the men take the lighter. The men in both country and town wear a shirt or blouse which hangs outside their trousers and is usually held in at the waist with a belt. Many of them wear high clumsy boots.

"On the whole the country at this season is very attractive, the weather being warm enough to go without overcoats, the sun shining part of the time each day, and the daily showers and heavy fogs at night keep everything fresh and green.

"Moscow is a city about the same size as Buenos Aires--nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants--reptilian 'proletarians.' During the Red Revolution of 1917 and the period of civil war that followed, were enacted scenes of horror on a larger scale than the

French Revolution of 1789. All the wealthy people, the well-to-do people, the educated people, the people that owned their own homes, the business people, the people who wore clean clothes, the people who took baths occasionally, say once a month, year, or life-time, were assassinated, murdered, shot down, butchered, or miraculously made their escape from the country and never returned. Certainly none are left in Moscow except reptilian proletarians, that is, ignorant, uneducated, brutish, filthy, vermin-infested, dirty, ill-smelling, envious, vindictive, destructive, suspicious, wolfish, predatory wretches who make a religion of communism in filth. The only men of intelligence and education who remain are those who, like our criminal lawyers, furnish the brains for the ignorant, criminally inclined reptilian proletariat who now dominate Russia through the Red Army.

"My stay in Moscow was among the most distressing and depressing experiences of my life. When I engaged a room at what was recommended as the best hotel in Moscow, the Savoy, I asked if a police permit was necessary to leave Moscow. The porter answered 'Yes.' I then asked him how long it took to get a permit. He said three or four days. 'Well,' I said, 'you get busy right now and start proceedings to get a permit to leave on the first train permissible.' I asked for a small inexpensive room and was shown a hall bedroom with one window opening on an interior court--price \$4.00 a day, without meals, the cheapest to be had. That night I shed some good American blood feeding the hordes of d__d Bolshevik bugs that were f^aished and had organized relief committees, the able-bodied bugs carrying the feeble and infant bugs on their backs to the feast that Providence had sent their way.

"Went out on the street and within ten minutes a little ratty ragamuffin ran in front of me, butted me in the tummy with

his lousy head, dived out under my left wing and disappeared in the surging crowd. A few minutes later I discovered that my watch and fob were gone and then realized what the tactics of the little rat meant. After that I kept my pockets closed with safety pins, my coat buttoned, and my heavy cane swinging so as to keep people at a respectful distance.

"Of course, I could not get along without a watch and keep official engagements, so I looked up a jeweler's and found that the cheapest nickle watch he had----the old Waterbury variety that used to sell for a dollar--was priced at \$18.00. I then went to another place where I succeeded in buying a cheap German watch, so cheap that the manufacturer would not put his name on it, for which I paid \$7.50. I asked the seller if he thought it would run four or five days until I could get back to Riga. Yes, it would run longer than that--but the d__d watch stopped the next morning shortly after 6 a.m., and has done so every morning since, because the hands lock.

"Speaking of prices: My room, the cheapest in the hotel, costs \$4.00 a day; coffee, bread, and two soft boiled eggs for breakfast, cost \$1.60; bread and butter, one meat, potatoes, fruit or cake, and a bottle of beer, cost \$3.00. And when the bill is made out 15% is added for government tax. Our ten cent cigars are priced at \$1.25; a tablespoon full of peanuts on the street cost six cents; a green, wormy apple 10 cents; the cheapest, coarsest socks, such as we see in the ten cent stores, are priced at 75 cents; everything else in proportion. So far as I could judge, prices in Moscow range from double to fifteen or twenty times the prices of the same things in other countries. And the people have little or no money, so they do not buy any more than they have to and business is poor.

"Most of the streets are broad and many of them are lined with magnificent modern buildings that would be a credit to any city;

but all are out of repair; their owners are gone--murdered or escaped--and they have been taken possession of by the reptilian proletarians, who know not how to build, but only how to destroy, and the result cannot even be imagined--full of filth, indescribable debris, misused, dilapidated,

"The streets are thronged with people, almost like Chicago or New York--but such people; sullen, vindictive, envious, wolfish, predatory, hopeless, despairing, with a look of fear lurking in their eyes, as if they had been through some terrible experience and were apprehensive of another--creatures so dirty and so ill-smelling that one shrinks from contact with them as he would from something inexpressibly loathsome--and this on the finest streets and in the finest buildings and parks in the great city--such swarms of them that one cannot get about on the streets without physical contact with them--and not one serene, contented, smiling face in a thousand. The only real human-looking humans I saw in Moscow were two half-naked Gypsy women begging on the streets--except, of course, a few foreigners and higher officials. And beggars, there are more of them, and they are dirtier and raggedier, more loathsome, more impudent and importunate than any I have encountered elsewhere. And the streets are infested with gamins and huodlums, little ragamuffin beggar boys, 8 to 14 years old, singly and in bands, half naked, unwashed, black with grime, with furtive looks and ratty eyes, and the Lord only knows what they eat. I took a few pictures of them which I hope will turn out well. Another peculiarity of Moscow streets is the incredible number of booths, small stands, and pedestrian peddlers of both sexes and of every description, which line the sidewalks on both sides literally for miles in the best as well as the poorest parts of the city.

"That reminds me of my search for a pin, just a common, ordinary pin, which I did not need especially but thought it might be useful to have. The only suit I wore to Moscow was pressed before I left Riga and the pins in the lapel were removed. Travelling light, I forgot to provide pins. So I thought I would buy some on the street. I looked into window after window of the shops and into the baskets of the peddlers and saw hundreds of collections of common buttons, safety pins, scissors, thread, corkscrews, etc., but no pins. I asked for pins in all the different languages I know without result-- the peddlers simply looked at me with no more expression than so many wooden images. I even drew a picture of a pin and tried by signs to illustrate its use, and the picture was examined with lively interest by the shopkeeper and a number of people that crowded about him, but there was no gleam of comprehension in their faces, so I gave it up, thinking perhaps that pins are not used in Russia. A rather officious guide stopped me at the hotel and I ended his importunities by asking him if he knew what a pin is. *Yes, yes, yes!* 'Oh, yes,' he knew. 'Do the people in Moscow ever use pins?' I asked. 'Yes,' he thought they did. 'Have you got a pin about you?' 'No,' he did not happen to have one. 'When was it you last saw a pin' I asked. He could not say. 'Can you tell me where I can buy a pin in Moscow?' 'No,' he did not know just where a pin could be bought; so with that he crawled out of my sight. When I related the situation to my American dentist acquaintance his wife volunteered to give me a pin. And she did.

"My interviews with the officials of the Soviet government, university professors, and others, were entirely satisfactory and all agreed to cooperate in the world census of 1930, even to the extent of postponing a census they had planned to take next year. These interviews were at the rate of one a day, it being the cus-

tom here for the officials to make an appointment for the following day and then set aside two or three solid hours for it. It takes them that long to say what might be said in a few minutes.

"Between times I walked the streets. Taxicabs and carriages were so dear, about \$1.00 for fifteen minutes, that I felt I could not afford it. Practically everybody walks for the same reason. In spite of warnings I took my pocket kodak with me and have pictures of the great Kremlin palaces, the old fortress, the river and bridges, potbellied mosques, street scenes and beggars. I did not have time to see any of the museums or art galleries, of which there are several. The most interesting thing is the old city wall, 60 or 80 feet high, with towers and bridges across the moat in places, and inside the Kremlin, and a number of other palaces and churches. I saw the mausoleum of Lenine, the Bolshevik saint, who counseled the stirring up of strife between the classes as a national policy, which policy, founded on the gospel of hate, is bearing fruit to this day and probably will continue to bear fruit for generations to come in Russia.

"At last Friday came, and my passport and a permit to leave, and my railway ticket about an hour before train time, which I had applied for the previous day. And at last I got on the train and after a long wait it actually began to move, and finally left the hated city behind--the biggest human pigstye on earth.

"How good it seemed once more to get out into the open country, with green fields and forests that are clean and sweet smelling, and to see the homely life and quiet ways of the farmer folk. And just to think of 115,000,000 of these farm people being ruled, domineered over, badgered, robbed, and tyrannized by a relatively small number of reptilian proletarians in the great pigstye, ruled by the Red Army, which means ^{that} if a peasant proprietor protests against con-

for here for the officials to make an appointment for the following day and then set aside two or three solid hours for it. It takes them that long to say what might be said in a few minutes. "Between times I walked the streets. The streets and courtyards were so dead, about 21.00 for fifteen minutes, that I felt I could not afford it. Practically everybody walks for the same reason. In spite of warnings I took my pocket Kodak with me and have pictures of the great Kremlin palaces, the old fortress, the river and bridges, gilded mosques, street scenes and people. I did not have time to see any of the museums or art galleries, of which there are several. The most interesting thing in the city well, 60 or 80 feet high, with towers and bridges across the most in places and inside the Kremlin, and a number of other palaces and churches. I saw the museum of Lenin, the Bolshevik agent, who collected the stirring up of strife between the classes as a national policy, which policy, founded on the gospel of hate, is bearing fruit to this day and probably will continue to bear fruit for generations to come in Russia.

"At last Friday came, and my passport and a permit to leave, and my railway ticket about an hour before train time, which I had applied for the previous day. And at last I got on the train and after a long wait it actually began to move, and finally left the hated city behind--the biggest human pigsty on earth.

"How good it seemed once more to get out into the open country, with green fields and forests that are clean and sweet smelling, and to see the homely life and quiet ways of the farmer folk. And just to think of 115,000,000 of these farm people being ruled, bothered, overruled, badgered, robbed, and tyrannized by a relatively small number of capitalist profiteers in the great pigsty, ruled by the Red Army, which means, in a peasant proprietor protest against non-

fiscatory taxes that are levied, or against requisitions for horses, cattle, grain, or daughters, he is promptly shot. I have tried to think that out of all this rotten muck and muddle something good may come, as putrification and maggots make food for plants that bear flowers and fruit--but it requires an enormous stretch of the imagination.

"And how good I felt, after standing in the log customhouse for two mortal hours at the border while the band of Bolshevik villains, pawed over the few belongings of seven or eight passengers--confiscating a portion of the ready money of a poor old woman who did not know the rules, to realize that the ~~train~~ train had actually crossed the boundary and I was again in a free country and it was no longer necessary to be on the alert every instant. And since reaching Riga it has been almost like heaven to be again in a clean hotel, without bugs and other vermin, to have waiters about with a human smile on their faces, and to see normal, sane, well dressed, contented looking people on the street. The politest and most diplomatic thing I can say about Moscow and the reptilian proletariat is that they are the personification of filth, the apotheosis of ugliness, and the nearest thing to Hell on earth, ~~and~~ the best place to stay away from and let alone that I know of.

"That reminds me of a story that is told of the Empress Catherine. She took a notion to try to sow some seeds of civilization in southern Russia and asked her favorite prince to ~~build~~ build her some ~~model~~ model villages in that region, giving him the money to finance the project. He took the money but built no villages. From time to time the empress asked about her villages and received most flattering reports. Finally she announced her intention to make a tour of inspection. This did not bother the prince who simply hired a troupe of actors, dressed them up as ideal peasants, sent ahead the

...factory taxes that are levied, or against regulations for houses, cattle, fruit, or handicrafts, he is promptly shot. I have tried to think that out of all this rotten mess and muddle something good may come, as guttification and waste make food for plants that bear flowers and fruit--but it requires an enormous stretch of the imagination.

"And now good I left, after standing in the fog waiting for two mortal hours at the border while the band of Bolshevik villains pawed over the few belongings of seven or eight passengers--and taking a portion of the ready money of a poor old woman who did not know the rule--to realize that the train had actually crossed the boundary and I was again in a free country and it was no longer necessary to be on the alert every instant. And since reaching it has been almost like heaven to be again in a clean hotel, without bugs and other vermin, to have waiters about with a human smile on their faces, and to see normal, sane, well dressed, contented looking people on the street. The politest and most diplomatic thing I can say about Moscow and the Russian proletariat is that they are the incarnation of life, the epitome of wisdom, and the nearest thing to hell on earth. The best place to stay away from and let alone that I know of.

"That reminds me of a story that is told of the Russian Father-in-law. She took a notion to try to sow some seeds of civilization in southern Russia and asked her favorite prince to take with him some money and travel in that region, giving him the money to finance the project. He took the money but built no villages. From time to time the empress asked about her villages and received most disappointing reports. Finally she announced her intention to make a tour of inspection. This did not bother the prince who simply hired a troupe of actors, dressed them up as local peasants, sent ahead the

troup and the necessary paraphernalia, so that when the empress arrived at each village she was greeted enthusiastically by the beautiful, happy peasants who were supposed to inhabit her model villages, and she returned to Petersburg highly elated at the success of her project. I am told that is exactly what happens now when a U.S. senator or member of Congress, or other influential citizen of the land of Unkle Psalm visits Russia. He is taken on a personally conducted tour and the stage is set wherever he stops--just as it was in some of the big land selling swindles in some of our States--so that when he returns he can tell his fellow citizens of the wonderful progress made under the present idealistic altruistic regime, and how badly that beatific regime has been slandered. It happened that I was not quite sufficiently prominent to have the stage set, arrived unannounced, and walked miles and miles of Moscow's streets, looked at the dirty dilapidated buildings--some of them magnificent six story concrete structures less than fifteen years old--saw the sordid conditions under which the people live, their ugly clothes, the barefooted women and children, the expressions on their faces, asked a few discreet questions, and received some very deep and lasting impressions.

"And so, Mother, let us be devoutly thankful that we did not have to live through this second and greater French Revolution with all its past and present horrors. There is a reason for all things, and no doubt what I have seen is simply the great reaction, the long swing of the pendulum, and judging by the length of that swing what went before and caused the revolution must have been something intolerable.

"After a good bath yesterday morning, a good dinner, and with bright October weather outside, I felt particularly well and good. Today I attended to money matters--stay-at-homes do not realize what a bother it is to changes moneys with every international boundary

they cross, and they are pretty frequent in Europe, trying to figure how much of the ~~new~~ new money to buy to pay necessary expenses and not too much to be changed at a loss in the next country, because each change means a certain loss. I bought my transportation and will leave tonight for Reval (old name Thallin), capital of Esthonia, and from thence I will go to Helsingfors, Stockholm, Oslo (old name Christiana), and then head south through intervening countries to Rome.

"I am hoping I shall find letters from home at Reval. I hope also this will find you and all at Sunny Hill well and in good spirits.

"Love to all.

"Lee."

(1926, August, Riga.

E--2056.

Monday, August 23, showers, and warm. At the Soviet Bank I exchanged my Russian money for Latvian. At the Wagons-Lits ^{ie} Ca. I bought transportation to Reval, capital of Esthonia, for the same evening. The agent was much interested in my impressions of Moscow. He said he was there during the revolution and the experience was a terrible one. He said that food gave out and the people became ^{cannibals} ~~cannibals~~; that the Soviet authorities ordered people to spy upon one another, children upon their parents, brothers and sisters upon each other, friends upon friends, according to the gospel of Lenine, which was to set class against class, with the result that everybody feared everybody else; any one could wreak vengeance or spite upon another by simply reporting him to the nearest committee and they ^{accused} ~~would~~ simply disappear never to be heard from again; there was wholesale murder and robbery, and unspeakable atrocities. He said that thousands of children were left without parents and lived as they could, many dying of starvation or exposure. He told of a boy of fourteen and a girl of twelve who live ^d in a corner of the garret of the opera house for four years before they were discovered. They had two children and the girl had not been on the street, the boy going out each day to steal and forage. He said that the Soviet authorities organized the boys and girls into clubs and quartered them together at night so they would breed. He said there were many amusing incidents in Riga when shiploads of enthusiastic American communists came over to enjoy the blessings of the new heaven on earth in Russia. While in Riga they spent money freely because they felt assured th^{at} ~~at~~ money would be of no use to them in Russia because there everything would be free, houses, food, clothing, furniture, transportation, medical treatment, women, everything; and after their ~~sad~~ sad disillusionment they came drifting back across the border, glad

(1926, August, Riga.

E--2056.

Monday, August 23, showers, and warm. At the Soviet Bank I exchanged my Russian money for Latvian. At the Wagon-Lite Co. I bought transportation to Revel, capital of Estonia, for the same evening. The agent was much interested in my impressions of Moscow. He said he was there during the revolution and the experience was a terrible one. He said that food gave out and the people became ~~enemies~~ ^{enemies}; that the Soviet authorities ordered people to spy upon one another, children upon their parents, brothers and sisters upon each other, friends upon friends, according to the gospel of Lenin, which was to set class against class, with the result that everybody feared everybody else; any one could wreak vengeance or spite upon another by simply reporting him to the nearest committee and they would simply disappear never to be heard from again; there was wholesale murder and robbery, and unspeakable atrocities. He said that thousands of children were left without parents and lived as they could, many dying of starvation or exposure. He told of a boy of fourteen and a girl of twelve who lived in a corner of the garret of the opera house for four years before they were discovered. They had two children and the girl had not been on the street, the boy going out each day to steal and forage. He said that the Soviet authorities organized the boys and girls into clubs and quartered them together at night so they would breed. He said there were many amusing incidents in Riga when shiploads of enthusiastic American communists came over to enjoy the blessings of the new heaven on earth in Russia. While in Riga they spent money freely because they felt assured that money would be of no use to them in Russia because there everything would be free, houses, food, clothing, furniture, transportation, medical treatment, women, everything; and after their ~~xxxx~~ and

(1926, August, Riga.

E--2057/

to make their escape, but in sad plight. He said that the Russian people, the peasantry and nonpolitical people, were naturally good natured, generous, and confiding, but ^{as with} ~~like~~ so many children one of their characteristics was a liking for destruction rather than to try to make anything. The Russian, he said was naturally indolent and loath to exert himself, but if he had a chance to destroy something he would work like a demon to accomplish his purpose.

Next I went to the American Consulate for my brief case and other articles I had left during my absence in Russia, and had the Moscow guide book and some other papers put in large envelopes to be mailed to my office in Rome. At a photographic establishment a clerk in charge assured me that the films I had exposed in Russia could be developed and prints made from them not later than 5 p.m., so I left them.

After a nice luncheon I went to my room to write ~~the~~ letters. At 5.45 p.m. I went to the photographer's and found only a few of the prints ready. I did not care to wait for them because in my hurry I had left the typewritten letter I had written about Russia lying on the table in my room and ^{fearing} ~~that~~ some one might read it and cause trouble, so I left word that the ~~films~~ negatives and prints must be delivered at the hotel not later than 7.30 p.m.

Everyone with whom I talked--at the hotel, the consulate, the Wagons-Lits Cie., the photographer's, and elsewhere, showed the keenest curiosity about my visit to Moscow.

I had an excellent supper with good beer and fine music at a reasonable price until 10 p.m. Then after the usual formalities of settling the account, getting the baggage down, and tipping the help for willing service, I was transferred to the rail-

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(1926, August, Riga-Reval..

E--2057. *—a*

way station and was soon installed in a private compartment in the sleeping coach.

I liked Riga, I liked the Hotel Roma and its bright little restaurant, and I liked the cheerful and attractive appearance of the people. The city is beautiful. The hotel accommodations and service were excellent and the ^rices the most reasonable I had ^encountered anywhere in Europe. I suspected the people were ~~hav~~ ~~xxxxh~~ having a hard time because of the depression. My photographs were brought to the hotel at 7 p.m. by a little woman dressed in black. When I ~~paid her~~ paid her the amount of the bill and told her to keep the change--about fifteen cents--she snatched and kissed my hand and almost shed tears of gratitude. The pictures were generally satisfactory, except those of very large buildings and those taken from the moving train with an exposure of 1/100 of a second, which evidently was not time enough for the kind of light available.

~~(Mother Aug. 23, gray folder.~~

(1936, August, Riga-Revel..

E--2057. --4

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(Mother Aug. 25, Gray Folder.

(1926, August, Reval.

E--2058.

Tuesday, August 24, After a good night's sleep I awoke at 8 a.m. There was no examination of baggage at the boundary between Latvia^a and Esthonia. A glass of tea and some crackers were brought to me by the porter. The sky was clouded over and a gale of wind was blowing, but at 9 a.m. it began to clear. The route was through a flat, sandy, marshy country, with much second growth spruce and white poplar^{or birch},^a hedges along the right-of-way, some small fields, and wooden houses with thatched roofs. Wheat, barley, and oats were just ripening. There were some meadows with the hay partly cut, and small^p patches of potatoes just beginning to bloom. At each station was a large pile of lumber ready for shipment. We passed through Topa at 10.10 a.m. and arrived at Reval at 11.30. The character of the country did not change, but I noticed that in some meadows the hay was hung on ricks to cure and in some fields machines were used to cut grain while in others it was done by hand. Women worked in the harvest fields the same as men.

At the station were only a few automobiles and they were engaged immediately. I took a carriage and was driven to the Hotel Golden Lome, a small building but with rooms of good size. I was given a room on the upper floor facing the public square at about \$1.75 per day. A maid came in to set the room in order and I tried to talk to her, but she understood only a few words in English, just enough to make me understand that she spoke only Russian. At 12.30 p.m. I went down to the dining room, but no one else was there. While waiting I ordered a bottle of Pilsener beer and watched a regiment of soldiers march by. I asked the waiter in German what it was all about and he said the soldiers were ~~xx~~ escorting the Minister of Poland who was visiting the city. After luncheon I went to a bank to change my Latvian money into Esthonian. I found that the monetary unit in Reval was the mark, 370 of them to the

(1928, August, Revel.

E--2058.

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(1926, August, Reval.

E--2059.

dollar. [#]At the American Consulate I found some letters from home. ~~The~~ Consul, Mr. Grosmyer, was out for the moment, but I met the ⁱVice-Consul, Mr. Follmer, who had lived in Cumberland, Maryland, and was familiar with the region about Frederick. While reading my letters from home the Consul and the Vice-Consul were consulting together, trying to solve a puzzle. It appeared that a young Esthonian, who had acquired American citizenship and served during the war, came over on a vacation and married a Russian woman. He was about to return to the United States and under the law his wife could be admitted also if she accompanied him, but not otherwise. But a baby was expected almost any day. They hesitated to subject the mother to the excitement and strain of an ocean voyage. If the baby was born before its parents sailed it would be regarded as an Esthonian citizen and a passport~~s~~ for it would be required, in which case it would have to wait its turn unde^r the quota system. If born at sea no passport~~s~~ would be required and the infant would be admitted to the United States with its parents without fear of being guilty of "moral turpitude." The sole desire of the Consul and the Vice-Consul was to help the mother and the prospective baby, as well as the husband who had every appearance of being a desirable citizen, and they seemed inclined to advise sailing immediately and trusting to providence to help the mother and baby.

The Consul was much intereste^d in my trip to Moscow and said I was fortunate because few people were admitted and fewer still were permitted to return. He said that all accounts that came to him from Russia were to the effect that conditions there were intolerable. It was said that the fine buildings in Petrograd were taken possession of by the proletariat, that the buildings constructed of wood were burned for fuel in winter, and that the wooden trimmings and fixtures of other buildings were ripped out for the same purpose.

(1926, August, Reval.

At the American Consulate I found some letters from home. The Consul, Mr. Grosmyer, was out for the moment, but I met the Vice-Consul, Mr. Holmer, who had lived in Cumberland, Maryland, and was familiar with the region about Frederick. While reading my letters from home the Consul and the Vice-Consul were consulting together, trying to solve a puzzle. It appeared that a young Estonian, who had acquired American citizenship and served during the war, came over on a vacation and married a Russian woman. He was about to return to the United States and under the law his wife could be admitted also if she accompanied him, but not otherwise. But a baby was expected almost any day. They hesitated to subject the mother to the excitement and strain of an ocean voyage. If the baby was born before its parents sailed it would be regarded as an Estonian citizen and a passport for it would be required, in which case it would have to wait its turn under the quota system. If born at sea no passport would be required and the infant would be admitted to the United States with its parents without fear of being guilty of "moral turpitude." The sole desire of the Consul and the Vice-Consul was to help the mother and the prospective baby, as well as the husband who had every appearance of being a desirable citizen, and they seemed inclined to advise sailing immediately and trusting to providence to help the mother and baby. The Consul was much interested in my trip to Moscow and said I was fortunate because few people were admitted and fewer still were permitted to return. He said that all accounts that came to him from Russia were to the effect that conditions there were intolerable. It was said that the fine buildings in Petrograd were taken possession of by the proletariat, that the buildings constructed of wood were burned for fuel in winter, and that the wooden trimmings and fixtures of other buildings were ripped out for the same purpose.

(1926, August, Reval.

E--2060.

It was alleged that all of the upper and middles classes that could not make their escape were massacred. He said that about a year before there was a Bolshevik outbreak in Reval fostered by the Red Party in Russia. One morning a band captured and took possession of most of the public buildings and chased the President out of his ~~ho~~ home, but they were soon subdued. This outbreak had a very salutary effect because it made the inhabitants realize the danger that lies just beyond their borders. He said that it was reported that the Soviet authorities had expressed gratification that the three western provinces of Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia, were going ahead and making improvements, because they expected in their own good time to take possession of them and enjoy the benefits of those improvements.

I sat for two hours in the Consulate reading my mail before ⁹ ~~at~~ had a formal interview with him. I explained my mission and asked that appointments be made with the statistical bureau and with the Ministry of Agriculture by telephone. He said it was too late that day because the public offices closed at 3 p.m., but it would be arranged the next morning.

At 4 o'clock I took a walk. I followed the old stone wall, 20 to 80 feet high, with towers at intervals, and a cathedral in the center, and took a number of pictures. Then back through crooked streets to the hotel. On the way I bought some picture postcards.

JP Then I wrote an individual letter to my wife, that is, a special letter without a carbon copy to be sent ~~to~~ for the information of mother and sister, to which she had an unaccountable objection. My reason for the carbon copies, of course, was to economize time in the writing of travel letters and keeping two branches of the family informed, ~~but~~ because in traveling on an official mission time is limited and there is always the feeling that instead of sitting in one's room writing letters one should be out on the

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(1926, August, Reval.

E--2061.

streets taking advantage of the opportunity of a lifetime to see what he ^{might} ~~may~~ never see again.

I had an excellent supper with good music in the cheerful restaurant of the little hotel, and then took a short walk on the streets. It was cold outside. Many people were out, but all were walking as if they were sent for. There appeared to be no theaters or other places of amusement, and as all business establishments were closed there was very little to see. Conditions were not favorable for a leisurely stroll, so I returned to my room.

(Wife, Aug. 24, ~~gray~~ folder.

(1926, August, Reval.

E-2061.

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(1926, August, Reval.

E--2062.

Wednesday, the 25th, bright and clear. After breakfast I visited a large open market in the park. All kinds of vegetables, fruit, flowers, bread, fish, basket ware, and the like, were on display and for sale. I saw some very small cranberries, as well as raspberries, wonderberries, and some that looked strange to me.

Mr.Hunt, of the American Consulate, accompanied me to the Ministry of Agriculture, which was in a building on top of the fortified hill. There we met the Minister, Mr. Koster, who was serving his first term, after having served as president of the homesteaders union, an organization of farmers ~~x~~ to whom land had been allotted from large estates that had been subdivided. He was a fine looking large business-like man who answered my questions readily and directly. However, he could speak no English, French, or German, so that I had to rely upon Mr.Hunt to act as interpreter. After promising cooperation in the census project and summarizing the organization and present and future work of his department, he said that the outstanding project of the ministry at that time was the completion of the agrarian reform, the subdivision of the large estates, land settlement, improvement of the land and the building of houses, improvement of livestock, and the improvement of crop production methods. He was very cordial and we separated with many compliments.

Next Mr.Hunt and I walked across the hill to the Central Bureau of Statistics and met the Director, Mr.Pulleritz,, the Chief of the Agricultural Division, Mr. Kuskus, and Mr.Taoms, an employe, who had spent a year or more at the International Labor Office at Geneva. Mr.Taoms acted as ~~I~~ interpreter and also did most of the talking. I had already met Mr.Pulleritz at Rome. They also assured me of complete cooperation, explained the steps they had already taken, and outlined briefly their organization and methods. They further promised to get together some documentary material and forward to my office at Rome.

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(1926, August, Reval.

E--2063.

Mr. Hunt informed me that the salaries of government clerks ranged from fifteen to twenty dollars a month, and for chiefs of divisions from \$30 to \$60. Incidentally he said that it was generally understood that the salary of Mr. Ticherin, ⁱprime minister of the Soviet government, was \$100 per month. Mr. Pulleritz said the Minister of Agriculture had asked him to arrange an excursion into the country so that I might see the different types of farming, if I could remain a few days longer. I expressed my appreciation of this courtesy and regret that I had so far to go and was so pressed for time that I felt constrained to forego that pleasure. Then he invited me to dine with them in the evening, and I readily accepted. They also proposed to take me on an automobile tour of the city at 1 p.m. I replied that I was much fatigued and would prefer to start at a later hour, and they ⁸agreed to call for me at 4 p.m. and return me to the hotel at 6 p.m.

After a satisfactory luncheon I started out to find some cigars. I called at four tobacco shops in succession, but none of them had any cigars, although they had a good supply of long paper cigarettes. The proprietors of these establishments all referred me to a particular dealer who, they said, kept a supply of cigars. After much inquiry and considerable search I found the shop of this dealer. The proprietor at first said he had no cigars. I was out of patience and began to ask questions as to why he did not keep cigars. He said it was because there was no sale for them. I wanted cigars badly because I was about out of them and cigarettes were simply an aggravation, and I was irritated at the thought that in the capital city of a progressive country one could not obtain cigars, and I showed my irritation in both manner and the form of my questions, and I was persistent because I seemed to be at the end of my rope. Finally he said he had a private stock of fifty cigars

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(1926, August, Reval.

E--2064.

which he would part with for 2,500 kronen (about \$8.50, or 17 cents each). I was interested at once, but said I should like to see them before buying. He excused himself, saying that he kept them at his room. He returned in about five minutes out of breath and bearing a package wrapped in a newspaper. When the wrapper was removed it disclosed a very ornate box of cigars bearing the label "Bismark." Because I was accustomed to smoking from twenty to thirty cigars a day, the price was rather high, and I wanted only enough to see me through to Helsingfors where I hoped for better luck. I offered to take 25 at his price, but he refused to break the box. As it was a choice between paying the price for fifty cigars or going without, I paid the price. I asked why they were so high in price in comparison with the price for the same cigars in Berlin where they were manufactured. He said it was because of the heavy government tax, and called my attention to the absence of the government revenue stamp on the box. He said that the price of this box of fifty cigars with the government stamp on it would be 10,000 kronen, ~~or~~ about \$34.00, or about 68 cents each.

At 4 o'clock Mr. Pulleritz and two others came for me and we were first driven out to the Park of Catherine the II, build^d by Peter the Great; thence around the park to a small house in which Peter is said to have lived for awhile. It was a modest one-story frame dwelling. Then we were driven across the park several times and out along the strand for several miles, past a great bathing beach, and on to the ruins of an old church erected in 1329 and surrounded by a graveyard full of ancient tombstones shaped like a maltese cross and overgrown with trees and shrubs. Only two walls and the gable end of the church were still intact. We then drove into the country a few miles and up a steep escarpment of laminated

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(1926, August, Revel.

E--2064.

(1926, August, Reval.

E--2065.

limestone which is close to the surface and crops out in many places. In this section were many buildings and fences constructed of these flat stones. Upon returning to the city we descended a rather steep hill and passed through a manufacturing section near the wharves. In a small park we saw a fine bronze monument designed by an Estonian artist in commemoration of the sinking of a great Russian cruiser in the harbor during the night of a great storm. There were no survivors. All that was known was that the lights of the ship were seen through the murky gloom and then were seen no more and when daylight came there was no trace of the ship. While at the monument we saw a small hydroplane rise from the harbor and sail gracefully away in the direction of Helsingfors. Then we drove ~~thru~~ through the city and to the top of the high hill ^{where} ~~on the top of~~ which stand the house of parliament and other government buildings. Again we were driven a few miles out beyond the city limits and back along the shore of the bay and saw something of the great ship building yards and docks on a point of land. I was told that at times Russia had had as many as fourteen thousand men employed in these yards. This was followed by a drive up and down various streets of the city. Some of the churches are very old, dating from the 13th century. One of them has a steeple said to be 200 meters (over 600 feet) high, the highest structure in Europe except the Eiffel Tower at Paris. I rather doubted this statement, although I could readily see that the steeple was very tall, very symmetrical, and really the finest steeple I had ever seen, and the wonder of it was that it was built a century or two before the discovery of America and its equal has not been erected since.

At 8.30 p.m. Mr. Pulleritz came to the hotel. A few minutes later ~~then~~ a representative of the land settlement association came for us in his car. We were then taken to the Social Club in a

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(1926, Reval, Reval.

E--2066.

large well finished and furnished building surrounded by beautiful grounds. There was a good restaurant, excellent beer, ~~and~~ all the conveniences and comforts of a modern club, and good music. Our party included all the ^{officials} ~~gentlemen~~ I had met ~~that day~~ during the day. In the restaurant we found a special table for us decorated with a profusion of sweet peas and carnations. Then followed a dinner with many courses, hors-d'oeuvres, garnished salmon, vegetables, bread and butter, ice cream, cookies, candies, numerous helpings of brandy, the national drink, and a bottle of white wine. Then we adjourned to another table where we were served with cherry ~~wine~~ and apple wine^s, both very good, coffee and cigarettes. Every few minutes ~~xxxx~~ a toast was proposed and drank^u to the success of the agricultural census, to me, to my wife, to my country, to the International Institute of Agriculture, and the like, until I lost count. Not to be outdone I said that in order to show my ~~xxx~~ profound appreciation of their courtesy and hospitality and my admiration for their beautiful city and for the great progress their country had made during the brief period of its independent national existence, I proposed to drink to the future independence and stability of their government, to the welfare and prosperity of their people, and to the continu~~e~~ance of peace and good will between Esthonia and all other nations, and especially with my home country, the United States of America. This was tr~~e~~anslated, greeted with cheers, and we drank together and all shook hands. The conversation was all in French, and the statistical director became very friendly. Incidentally I learned that education is compulsory between the ages of eight and fourteen, ~~and~~ that secondary schools had been established and that would accommodate more than 12,000, ~~but~~ ^{and} that ~~xxx~~ only five per cent of the population was illiterate; also that for several generations the Esthonians were dominated and repressed by the Aer-^b

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(1926, Reval, Reval. E--2066.

(1926, August, Reval.

E--2067.

mans and Russians; and that during the Russian regime no Esthonian could hold public office in his own country, ^{and} ~~but~~ if he was admitted to the public service he was assigned to some remote post in Siberia or elsewhere. ^PMr. Pulleritz said that for ten years he was director of statistics at Sebastopol, and the assistant director was ^Pdirect^r of a statistical bureau at Leningrad. He was very enthusiastic over the progress made by Esthonia in so short a period of independence. He said that of the 130,000 farms 30,000 were new farms derived from the subdivision of large estates; that the exports of butter had doubled annually; that the number of cattle had greatly increased; and that oil bearing shale had been discovered and was being exploited by British capitalists, the quantity estimated to be available running into astronomical figures. This shale was running 22 to 24 per cent oil, and ~~that~~ already enough was being produced to run their trains. ^{P Mr. Pulleritz} ~~He~~ said that the Finns, the ^{of Hungary} Esthonians, and the Magyars, belong to the same race and speak almost the same language. This language is quite different from the Scandinavian and Russian languages. He said the Finns were inclined to be melancholy while the Esthonians are more lighthearted. ^PThe director and his companions plead with me to remain a few days longer in order to take advantage of the excursion they had planned so that I might be shown the different types of farming that had been developed and the progress that had been made. I had to decline their warm invitation because of pressure of time and distance. ^PWe adjourned at 12.30 a.m. and it was 1 o'clock when I reached my hotel. Throughout the evening I had to guard against drinking too freely of the wine and spirits that was constantly kept before me and because of the numerous toasts that were proposed. The Director handed me an evening paper he had purchased on his way to the hotel that contained an account, in Esthonian or course, of my visit,

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(1926, August, Reval.

E--2068.

my mission, and interviews and movements during the day, and that accounts would appear in other papers the following day and he would see that copies were mailed to my office in Rome. He said that the people of Esthonia were much interested in statistics so that when the bureau wanted a little publicity the press cooperated freely and gave them all the space they could use to advantage. He also said that the agricultural census bulletin would be translated into Esthonian and published as a government bulletin.

Thursday, August 26, Reval. Showers and rain. Had breakfast, got my laundry back, went to a bank and bought some Finnish money, and at 9.40 a.m. went to the American Consulate and found nobody there but a messenger. I left my card with forwarding address and asked the messenger to express my regret that I was unable to say good by in person. ^{The Consul} He had been occupied on each occasion that I had called, so I felt under no obligation to wait for him to appear. Then I walked to the open air market and watched the crowds of people milling about among the booths in spite of the showers that fell every few minutes. It was an animated and colorful scene, ~~and~~ All types of people were represented, and all were smiling and good natured. Then I walked to the top of the fortified hill where I had a good view of the city, the churches, the public buildings, and the harbor.

At 10.45 a.m. I had settled my account at the hotel, gotten my baggage down, and took a taxi for the ~~wharf~~ pier. It was a small pier, a small customhouse, and a small sea-going tug boat at the outer end with the poetic name of "Viola." It was practically an open boat, that is, it had only one deck, with a board seat and railing around the outer edge, but with no canopy or other protection from above. The baggage was piled in a heap on the open deck with no covering whatever. There was where the showers soaked off some

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~~interesting~~ stickers from my baggage, a most interesting record of my travels that inspired respect from hotel ~~p~~orters and others. There were no cabins, but there was a small dining room on the forward end of the boat that filled up rapidly. Shortly before the boat was to leave my companions of the previous day came down in a car to see me off. They came aboard to shake hands, express their good will and friendship, and remained with me until the boat was about to leave. Then they stood on the pier waving their handkerchiefs until we were well out in the harbor. This was all very well as an expression of good will and courtesy, but it meant that I was not free to look after my baggage, watch the boat fill up, take pictures, or look out for a place in the little dining cabin. In other words they monopolized my attention until the boat was well under way. I confess I always dislike ^d these demonstrations to departing passengers.

As we passed through the harbor we had a fine view of the picturesque city of Reval, its old town hall, its ancient churches and tall steeples, and the fortified hill back of it. Soon we passed out of the harbor and into the open sea, and then there was trouble. A strong wind was blowing and great waves with white caps were ^h rushing towards us head on. The little boat pitched violently. It was cold and soon began to rain. Within half an hour three-fourths of the passengers on the crowded little boat were deathly sick and hung their heads over the railing where they swayed and flapped to the wind like so many wet rags hung out to dry. Some of them were as limp as wet towels and did not move for hours except for ~~an~~ occasional convulsions that left them limper and more helpless than before. About half a dozen passengers who were not affected by the violent pitching of the boat and the sights and sounds were in the dining cabin eating. I joined them and had a

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(1926, August, Reval-Helsingfors. E--2070.

light luncheon and returned immediately to the open deck. It was cold and rainy, but otherwise it was interesting and in a way I enjoyed it. The waves struck the boat sideways and she rolled and swayed like a drunken sailor and as if she might turn over at any moment. Evidently the boat had changed her course, because for the first hour out she had hit the waves head on, and now they were whanging her on the side. At 2 p.m. the wind died down and soon the sun came out and brought cheer to many of our unhappy passengers. To me it was real fun to see how far the boat could roll over on her side until the spume came hissing up onto the deck covering, and then slowly right herself and roll over to the other side, so that one had to hang on to the rail to keep from sliding off his seat, ~~by the rail~~. Many times the things on the table in the dining cabin slid off onto the floor, first on one side and then on the other, and there was considerable breakage. A few miles out from Reval we lost sight of land, but saw many boats tossing on the heaving sea. ~~At~~ At 3 p.m. we came within sight of Helsingfors. As we approached the coast of Finland we saw innumerable rocky islets. We also saw the passenger plane from Reval. This time it was much steadier than the boat. My friends of yesterday had suggested that I should make the trip in the plane in one hour rather than by boat in four hours. I told them this did not appeal to me, because if the boat sank I could at least swim or float for a short time with a few minutes to think of my sins, but if anything happened to the plane I could neither hope to fly or survive a sudden plunge from a great height, and that in the absence of any pressing necessity I preferred to travel in a small boat on the surface of the water than in a plane several thousand feet above the water. The little boat threaded its way in narrow channels between numerous islands into the harbor of Helsingfors.

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(1926, August Helsingfors.

E--2071.

At the wharf we underwent a severe and annoying customs examination. The young inspector assigned to me examined every single article and seemed to be lacking in intelligence, that is, he did not seem to understand what things were for. I had a small and badly worn medicine case in which were six bottles containing home remedies, such as boracic acid for eye trouble, dioxygen, laxative pills, quinine capsules, and so on, which he insisted were medical samples for sale. I was so provoked that, in order to prove to him that they were not for sale, I offered him half a dozen laxative pills, free of charge if he would swallow them in my presence, assuring him they would make his breath sweet, his cheeks pink, and his hair curl. In the dilemma he called another inspector into consultation who, when he heard my offer repeated, glanced at me sharply and then with a careless wave of his hand walked away and joined a stout man who was watching what was going on. A moment later there was a succession of chuckles from the stout man, and I strongly suspected that the story had been repeated to him. The cub inspector then became interested in my portable typewriter, which he insisted was a medicine case. I opened it up for his inspection, and then he seemed to think it might be some sort of an infernal machine. He understood no English, but did have a smattering of French. When I tried to explain that it was a machine for writing letters he seemed not to understand, so I got out a piece of paper and typed on it ~~Some customs inspectors are intelligent, some are fools, some~~
~~inexperienced and most of them are courteous. An intelligent inspector~~
~~soon learns to distinguish between personal belongings and articles~~
~~that are brought in for sale, because the difference is readily ap-~~
~~parent. Your consulting chief can take the difference at a glance.~~
~~Please give him my compliments.~~

(1926, August, Helsingfors.

E--2072

²
"You are evidently a damn fool," which I pulled out of the machine with a flourish and with a great show of politeness handed to the young inspector. He accepted it as if it were a precious document and with an expression of great admiration.

After this pest left me I took a taxi to the Kämp Hotel, a large modern structure facing the esplanade or strip of public park across which one could see the harbor. I was assigned to a large well furnished room, but without bath. After getting settled I started to take a long walk, but found the distances greater than I expected, and being very tired, I took a few pictures and returned to my room to rest and write up my notes. ^P I was immediately impressed by the fact that the people on the streets were large, blond, and fine looking. I wondered what had made Helsingfors a large city, a city of over 200,000 inhabitants. On the way back I bought some attractive postcards to send to the home folks. ^{PP} As I was about to take a nap the telephone rang and a man's voice said that a newspaper reporter was on his way to my room. In a few minutes a young man knocked at my door and presented a card bearing the name E. O. Erks, Reporter, of the "Helsingin Sanosnat." He could speak English very well and ^a ~~said~~ [^] he had been notified from Reval to look out for me. I gave him a brief story about the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, the agricultural census, the countries I had visited, and took pains to compliment the officials of Esthonia on the excellence of their organization, their fine spirit of cooperation, and the remarkable progress made by their country. Mr. Erks said that Finland is larger than Pennsylvania or Japan, is nearly 1,000 miles long, and had a population of three and a half million ~~population~~; that one of her great natural resources is water power which was rapidly being developed; another is the forests; that she had 270 days in which crops will grow in the

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E-2072

(1926, August, Helsingfors.

Int. Agr. Soc.
(1926, August, Helsingfors.

E--2073.

southern part, 200 days in the eastern part, and 120 days in the far north; that about 100 miles north of Helsingfors the tundra, or shrub country, begins; that Finland also had the agrarian problem, the subdivision of large estates and the settlement of small holders thereon; and that the officials of Finland had received a questionnaire from the International Agricultural Society at Paris that nobody could understand. In explanation of his command of English he ^{said} ~~explained~~ that he had spent two years in the United States, mostly in the east, and that he was a chemical engineer by profession. He said that Finland had been greatly influenced by Sweden and Germany, and even more by Russia, but that since the war their trade and attention had been directed more to Great Britain and the United States; that under Russian rule the Russian language was made compulsory. He said that every Finnish child had to learn five languages, and learn them simultaneously. At his request I loaned him a copy of the census program and one of my office photographs.

At 8 p.m. I went down to the hotel dining room for supper, which was rather unsatisfactory. The dining room was large, well lighted, much ornamented, and full of people, but the patrons were entertained by inferior music over a wireless telephone apparatus. It was the poorest excuse for music I had ever heard and was correspondingly painful. There was no menu card and I had difficulty in making the waiter understand in English, French, or German what I wanted. The things that were later brought to me did not correspond in any way with what I had ordered. No alcoholic beverages could be served, so I had to be content with two cups of pink tea. After that I decided to go to bed early, lest I become as drunk as a Chinaman.

(1926, August, Helsinki. H--2073.

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After that I decided to go to bed early, lest I become as drunk as

a Chinaman.

(1926, August, Helsingfors.

E--2074.

Friday, August 27, clear and bright in the forenoon, showers in the afternoon. Up at 9 a.m. and had breakfast in my room. Then to a bank near the hotel to change my Esthonian money into Finnish money. Next I tried to find the American Consulate. The hotel clerk said it was at the end of the esplanade about four blocks away. I walked in the direction indicated, scanned closely all the buildings, but saw no sign of a consulate. I inquired of several persons who sent me in different directions. Then I walked the entire length of the esplanade, but on the wrong side and failed to see it on the opposite side when I passed it. In disgust I hired a cab and was driven one block back the way I had come. It was a good half mile from the point indicated by the hotel clerk. In the building I found two elevators and two flights of stairs. I walked up one flight of stairs to the top of the building and down again without finding the consulate. On the ground floor I inquired of an attendant and he motioned me to an elevator. It was of the automatic variety and the attendant indicated the button I should press. I pressed it, the elevator moved, and stopped at the wrong floor. I walked down stairs and at last found the consulate. I saw the Consul who had recently been transferred from Norway. My first words were "Why in the name of God don't you hang out the American flag and stick signs all over the place so that an American citizen can find you," and then I related my experience. He promptly assigned a Mr. Kok to arrange for interviews with the officials I mentioned. An interview was arranged promptly with the chief of the Central Bureau of Statistics, Mr. Covero, Mr. Kok went with me and the interview was highly satisfactory, so much so that I walked from his office to a travel bureau and arranged for transportation to Stockholm the following day. At the hotel I had a very unsatisfactory and expensive luncheon, both food and service being poor. When I went to

(1926, August, Helsinki. B--2074.

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(1926, August, Helsingfors.

E--2075.

the hotel desk for my key I found that the material I had loaned the reporter the previous afternoon had been returned. Just then the telephone rang and a voice in English asked how long I expected to remain in Helsingfors, so that a program of entertainment could be drawn up. I could not learn the name of the person who was talking but did understand that a taxi would call for me the following morning.

At the bank I bought \$10 worth of Finnish money and \$40 worth of Swedish money. Returning to the hotel there^e was another telephone call and the same voice asked if I could take supper with the Minister of Agriculture at 6 p.m., and when I consented the voice said he would call for me shortly before the time set. I asked if dress suit was expected, and the voice replied no, that the Minister was coming in from his farm and would return immediately after the supper and I could wear my business suit.

Then I took a short walk to look for cigars, matches, postcards, and photographic films, and back to my room to work on my expense account.

Shortly before six o'clock Captain Schultz called. He was connected in some way with the Ministry of Agriculture. A few minutes later Mr. Heinemin, Permanent Delegate of Finland to the International Institute of Agriculture, came. Together we walked to a hotel near the railway station and were shown into a private dining room. Soon we were joined by Dr. Futilis of the Economic Division of the Department of Agriculture. The Minister of Agriculture was expected any moment to occupy the vacant chair at the head of the table and we stood about waiting for him to appear until a telephone message came that he had been unexpectedly called into conference by the President, expressing regret, and asking us to proceed with the dinner.

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(1926, August, Helsingfors.

E--2076.

Captain Schultz was a very interesting talker, having been in the employe of the Russian government for several years, and having traveled over most of the countries of Europe. He had spent two years in the universities of Germany and had made a comparative study of agriculture in Germany and Great Britain. One of the problems that he discussed was that of small holdings, and the fact that in Finland, as in many other countries of Europe, agriculture for many generations had been on a selfsufficing basis, the farm ^{was} ~~fairly~~ producing only sufficient for its own needs and consuming what it produced. But under modern conditions, especially since the war, increased taxation, cost of government, and increased cost of living, it had become necessary for these small farmers to produce something to sell and the difficulty was in finding a market for the many very small surpluses so produced. He expressed the opinion that the only possible solution was in cooperative organization and cooperative buying and selling, and that it was necessary for these small farmers to unite in a cooperative organization in order to act as an aggressive unit to protect their interests against other organized classes of society. He plied me with questions regarding agriculture in the United States and in Argentina, which I tried to answer. He said that after an exhaustive study he knew of no nation in which farming was profitable and therefore he advocated the planting of much agricultural ^{al} ~~land~~ in trees. He estimated that the annual growth of the timber in Finland was equivalent in value to 400 ~~million~~ Finnish marks per acre, the expense not to exceed 20 marks, leaving a clear profit of 380 marks per acre--about ten dollars, which was much more than the average value of crop production on a much larger investment of capital and labor.

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Dr. Fritill talked a steady stream of imperfect English that was a little difficult to follow. He had been awarded one of the production on a much larger investment of capital and labor. ten dollars, which was much more than the average value of crop exceed 20 marks, leaving a clear profit of 80 marks per acre--about value to 400 million Finnish marks per acre, the expense not to that the annual growth of the timber in Finland was equivalent in cated the planting of much agricultural land in trees. He estimated of no nation in which farming was profitable and therefore he adv- I tried to answer. He said that after an exhaustive study he knew regarding agriculture in the United States and in Argentina, which other organized classes of society. He plied me with questions to act as an aggressive unit to protect their interests against small farmers to unite in a cooperative organization in order that the only possible solution was in cooperative organization and the many very small surpluses so produced. He expressed the opinion something to sell and the difficulty was in finding a market for living, it had become necessary for these small farmers to produce war, increased taxation, cost of government, and increased cost of what it produced. But under modern conditions, especially since the fully producing only sufficient for its own needs and consuming for many generations had been on a self-sufficing basis, the farm that in Finland, as in many other countries of Europe, agriculture items that he discussed was that of small holdings, and the fact study of agriculture in Germany and Great Britain. One of the prop- years in the universities of Germany and had made a comparative traveled over most of the countries of Europe. He had spent two the employe of the Russian government for several years, and having Captain Schmitt was a very interesting talker, having been in

(1926, August, Helsingfors.

E--2077.

Rockefeller Foundation scholarships by the International Education Board and had spent a year in the United States with an allowance of \$200 for travel.

Captain Schultz said that Dr. Mann of the International Education Board had spent 24 hours in Helsingfors and left for Stockholm, just as I was proposing to do, and he thought it was hardly fair that our visits should be so short. I replied that I appreciated his point of view, but asked him to consider for a moment my problem, that of visiting the capitals of two hundred countries within a period of four years, with interruptions, delayed trains, broken connections, slow transportation, possible accidents, official formalities, and the like, and he would see as a simple matter of arithmetic how pressed I was for time. After a moment's consideration he responded with a smile "I do not see how it can be done. I have no more to say." Then Mr. Futil presented me with a book, "Finland Today," by Frank Fox, for which I thanked him and promised to read it on the voyage to Sweden. The supper was a good one. On the menu were Russian soup, roast ~~duck~~ wild duck, and imitation beer. The party broke up at 11.30 and I was conducted to my hotel.

Saturday, August 28. After breakfast I took a short walk to take a photograph of a large catholic church with two steeples. I stopped at the consulate to leave my forwarding address, and then to the travel agency to get my ticket to Stockholm.

At 10 a.m. Mr. Futil called for me, saying that he had been delayed by a bad accident at the railway station. A long train had run in on the station platform and for some reason the brakes failed to work and the train had plunged into the station wall, wrecking the locomotive and demolishing five coaches, injuring many people, and causing great confusion. In a taxi we were conveyed

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(1926, August, Helsingfors.

E--2078.

to the Ministry of Agriculture where I met various officials, all of whom assured me of their cooperation in the census project and explained the organization and work of their offices. I was informed that the Minister of Agriculture was formerly chief of agricultural economics and had started a system of cost accounting as far back as 1912.

Shortly after noon I was returned to the hotel, settled my account, and went to the railway station. The railway station was a large and unique structure, plain, massive, and with a high tower at one end. Inside I saw the train that was wrecked in the morning. The locomotive was inside and leaning against the wall of the station. The baggage car next to it was broken into pieces and lying on its side. The five coaches that followed were broken into fragments, and it was incredible that any human being in them could have survived. Engines, cranes, and crews were at work clearing away the debris. Spectators were held back by a cordon of police and a rope barricade. I took snap shots of the scene, but the light was too poor for good results.

The train left at 1.10 p.m. and immediately I made my way to the dining car in the rear. A young lady waitress dressed in black came to my table and looked at me ~~tentatively~~ attentively. I pointed to the items on the menu card in which I was interested. After that she calmly ignored me, but I supposed the order had been given. After a quarter of an hour a gentleman came in and announced in English that I was occupying his seat. I asked him where he got his ticket. He pointed to the girl. I gave him my seat and approached the girl and asked for a ticket, but she paid not the slightest attention to me. I returned to the gentleman who occupied my seat and asked if he would kindly interpret for me. He did so with much courtesy and I was given a seat with three soldiers.

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(1926, August, Finland.

E--2079.

Then I waited nearly an hour for attention. The girl who seemed to be in charge of the diner was sullen and ^{seemed} to form determined likes and dislikes at first sight, and evidently I was one of her dislikes. I would have given a good deal to be able to express myself adequately in her language. Fortunately another woman appeared on the scene who showed more intelligence. I called for beer (imitation beer, of course, because Finland was enjoying prohibition) and it was immediately forthcoming. After another half hour I obtained a bowl of soup and some bread. This helped a lot. In course of time other items were served, but it was 3.30 p.m. when I decided to wait no longer, paid my bill, and returned to my seat.

We were passing through a broken country, a country of rounded, smooth boulders and hillocks of rounded sandstone, not very high, in many places simply bare rock, and in other places covered with spruce and birch trees. Between these hillocks were little valleys, some of them cleared and cultivated as small farms, the largest containing perhaps a hundred acres, but most of them only a few acres. The grain crop, mostly oats, and the hay crop, had been cut and shocked and tied up to stakes high enough so the straw would not touch the ground. Sections of the country seemed to be made up of solid stone hillocks, rounded and smooth, sometimes with grooves chisled on the top and sides, showing clearly the action of the ~~ice~~ glaciers in the ice age at a time when this whole country was covered to an enormous depth with moving masses of polar ice. In looking at a dairy map of the country I had noted that the southwestern side of Finland, the central east side, and the region about the head of the Gulf of Finland, were shown to be most productive, and that the head of the Gulf is just under the Arctic Circle. While this is a dairy country one sees very few cows in the pastures. Although the sun was shining there were frequent showers. I was told that

(1926, August, Finland.

E--2072.

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(1926, August, Finland.

E--2080.

in Finland showers fall every day in the year. That, of course, means grass, the foundation of a dairy industry, and also a forestry industry. The air must be saturated with moisture, because the showers often fall when the sun is shining brightly, just as it does sometimes in Washington and Oregon. This reminds me that in the hotel in Helsingfors I saw the sign "Badrum," and upon inquiry learned that "Bad" means bath, and "Rum" means ~~warm~~, so that "Badrum" means warm bath, of which there are a few in Finland.

We reached Abo, ancient capital of Finland, at 5.35 p.m. where we opened our baggage for customs examination and went aboard a small steamer. I was assigned to a ^{small} ~~little~~ cabin little more than three feet wide and a bed two feet wide, which left little room in which to stand. The boat was a small one and overcrowded with passengers. The little smoking room on the upper deck was the only place to sit. It had five ^{small} ~~little~~ tables, all marked "reserved." I therefore walked like a caged animal back and forth on the limited open deck space. The boat got under way at 6.25 p.m. The water was smooth and the boat made good speed. The harbor and nearby channels were full of small boats, row boats, ^{sail} ~~sail~~ boats, motor boats, and canoes. There were innumerable islands, some of them small and full of smooth rounded rocks, and others covered with a short growth of pine and spruce. For more than two hours we steamed through tortuous channels between these islands. On many of the islands were small cottages. Apparently there were enough islands so that each family in Finland might own one, ~~of its own~~.

At 7 p.m. a bell rang and the passengers flocked to the dining room. It seemed to be the custom for each passenger to help himself to the hors-d'oeuvres. Then fish, ~~and~~ mutten, bread and butter, and the disgusting imitation beer were served. ~~Then~~ ^{Again} to the open deck to walk and walk and walk like a caged animal in the small

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(1926, August, Finland.

E--2081.

space available until one was exhausted, because there was no place to sit and nothing else to do but go to bed in the bandbox cabin. I went down to the cabin, laid on the bed, and read the book on Finland for an hour or more. Then I took a look into the smoking room and found a vacant seat and had a smoke and listened to two gentlemen talking in English and condemning imitation beer. After my smoke I went to bed and for awhile lay listening to the peculiar knockings, clankings, bangings, quiverings, and vibrations of the cranky little boat.

Sunday, August 29. After an uneasy night on an uneasy boat I was up at 7 a.m. and saw that we were in a narrow channel with many islands on both sides, many of them small round knobs of rock, some of them with small summer cottages on them, each with a little plank wharf and a rowboat moored at one end. I dressed and went on deck. It was rather cool and there was no sign of breakfast. The sun was shining brightly and the blue water was rippling in the breeze. After viewing the scenery until I became impatient for some sign of breakfast I went down to the dining room to investigate and found other passengers there helping themselves to bread and butter and hot coffee, and I did the same. *P* Between 8 and 9 o'clock the boat drew into the harbor and alongside the wharf at Stockholm. The harbor is oblong with large buildings about it, and numerous canals or channels lead off from it in various directions with bridges over them. The customs officials were both polite and perfunctory. A taxi took me and my baggage to the Grand Hotel. It was a nice hotel and I was shown to a comfortable room with private bath, which I had engaged by telegraph, but was told I could keep it only until the 31st. *PP* After resting a few minutes I sallied forth and took some photographs of the harbor. I discovered that the clocks were one hour behind the time of Helsingfors.

space available until one was exhausted, because there was no place to sit and nothing else to do but go to bed in the bamboo cabin. I went down to the cabin, laid on the bed, and read the book on Finland for an hour or more. Then I took a look into the smoking room and found a vacant seat and had a smoke and listened to two gentlemen talking in English and condemning imitation beer. After my smoke I went to bed and for awhile lay listening to the peculiar knockings, clankings, bangings, quiverings, and vibrations of the cranky little boat.

Sunday, August 22. After an uneasy night on an uneasy boat I was up at 7 a.m. and saw that we were in a narrow channel with many islands on both sides, many of them small round knobs of rock, some of them with small summer cottages on them, each with a little plank wharf and a rowboat moored at one end. I dressed and went on deck. It was rather cool and there was no sign of breakfast. The sun was shining brightly and the blue water was rippling in the breeze. After viewing the scenery until I became impatient for some sign of breakfast I went down to the dining room to investigate and found other passengers there helping themselves to bread and butter and hot coffee, and I did the same. Between 8 and 9 o'clock the boat drew into the harbor and alongside the wharf at Stockholm. The harbor is oblong with large buildings about it, and numerous canals or channels lead off from it in various directions with bridges over them. The customs officials were both polite and perfunctory. A taxi took me and my baggage to the Grand Hotel. It was a nice hotel and I was shown to a comfortable room with private bath, which I had engaged by telegraph, but was told I could keep it only until the 24th. After resting a few minutes I sallied forth and took some photographs of the harbor. I discovered that the clocks were one hour behind the time of Helsinki.

(1926, August, Stockholm.

E--2082.

I stopped at the postoffice and sent a telegram to the Institute. At the hotel I learned that alcoholic beverages could be sold only with food. From my room I ordered some bread and butter, and a bottle of beer sent up and it was promptly delivered. The requirement that food must be ordered with a drink was simply annoying and gave one a poor opinion of the intelligence of those who made such a law possible; and yet an American could not well criticise because in his own country the voters were so *if* unintelligent as to pass a law making it unlawful to obtain alcoholic beverages in any way except on a prescription by a physician, with the perfectly natural and predictable result that the illicit manufacture, transportation, sale, and consumption of alcohol grew and spread by leaps and bounds, as did the evasion and disrespect for law.

I went down to the hotel restaurant for ^{dinner} ~~luncheon~~ and sat on the balcony overlooking the beautiful harbor. It was a pleasant sight to see the rows of tables with white linen, polished glass and silver, and the well dressed people, mostly British and Americans, and to watch the many different kinds of boats plying back and forth across the harbor. For ^{dinner} ~~luncheon~~ I had a grilled salmon steak, potatoes and other vegetables, and a half bottle of French wine. After dinner I ^{went out for} ~~took~~ a walk and ^{took} some more photographs.

~~ZDragoni, Aug. 29, gray folder. omit~~

~~(Rosenkranz, same.~~

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~~August, Aug. 29, Gray folder.~~

~~(Rosenkrantz, same.)~~

(1926, August, Stockholm.

E--2083.

Monday, August 30, a clear beautiful day. After breakfast I left films to be developed at a photographer's and then called at ~~the~~ The American Consulate. The Consul was absent, but I met the Vice-Consul, Mr. Ebler, who said he had just been transferred to the Straits Settlements. By telephone he arranged for an appointment with Mr. Ernst Hoijer. Then I called on the Commercial Attache, Mr. Klath, who said there had been much agitation in Sweden over the question of granting a bounty on cereals, especially wheat, and that recently a law had placed a bounty on wheat for export to be paid from the tariff on imported wheat, amounting to about fifty cents a bushell. In the past the price of domestic wheat had been less than the price of imported wheat, and the farmers believed this was due to a combination between the millers and the buyers to keep the price of domestic wheat down.

In a taxie I was taken to the Central Bureau of Statistics, back of the large church in which the Kings of Sweden repose. This group of public buildings is on a small island and is the oldest part of the city. The church was built in the 12th century. I found Mr. Hoijer, chief of the Central Bureau of Statistics, who was very cordial and at once telephoned the Minister of Agriculture for an appointment. He assured me of the cooperation of his government in the census and described in detail the organization and work of his bureau. We had luncheon together at the restaurant on the balcony overlooking the park and the harbor and everything was bright and attractive. We walked back along the water front and crossed to the little island on which are the public buildings. He pointed out the various public buildings and told me something of their history and walked all the way back to the hotel with me. ^{HP} On the way back I bought a supply of cigars and kodak films. I spent the rest of the afternoon typewriting letters. Had an excellent sup-

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(1926, August, Stockholm.

E--2084.

per, satisfactory in every respect, at a cost of \$3.60. This seemed high to one who could remember when men could obtain good board and lodging, with three hearty meals a day, for \$2.50 a week in Paris, Texas; but after my experience in Turkey and Russia I felt that this supper was well worth the price; and I had the thought also that I would probably have difficulty in getting decent food in many places during my travels, so that I should take advantage of every opportunity to enjoy good meals and cheerful surroundings regardless of price, and if I wished to economize it would be where the meals were disgusting and the surroundings vile. It's a good rule, and I have never regretted paying a high price for a meal that was worth it, appetizing food, daintily and promptly served, amid pleasant surroundings, but I have felt like committing mayhem and murder when an inferior meal was badly served in unpleasant surroundings, for which an excessive price was demanded.

After supper I took a stroll on the esplanade along the harbor front and saw a lot of French sailors from a warship out looking for Swedish girls and a lot of girls out looking for the sailors. It's a game that goes on in every port. I gave them my blessing and returned to my room.

(Mother, Aug.30, ~~gray~~ folder.

(1926, August, Stockholm. E--2084.

per, satisfactory in every respect, at a cost of \$5.60. This seemed high to one who could remember when men could obtain good board and lodging, with three hearty meals a day, for \$2.50 a week in Paris, Texas; but after my experience in Turkey and Russia I felt that this supper was well worth the price; and I had the thought also that I would probably have difficulty in getting decent food in many places during my travels, so that I should take advantage of every opportunity to enjoy good meals and cheerful surroundings regardless of price, and if I wished to economize it would be where the meals were disgusting and the surroundings vile. It's a good rule, and I have never regretted paying a high price for a meal that was worth it, appetizing food, daintily and promptly served, amid pleasant surroundings, but I have felt like committing mayhem and murder when an inferior meal was badly served in unpleasant surroundings, for which an excessive price was demanded.

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(Mother, Aug. 30, Gray Folder.

"Stockholm, Sweden, 30 August 1926.

"Dear Mother:

"You missed a copy of my letter to Wifey about the middle of last week from Reval, because I did not make one. A week ago Sunday I was in Riga, having just returned from my trip to Moscow. I liked Riga and the people very much. It is a quaint, clean, comfortable, pretty city, and the hotel was very homelike.

"I left Riga Monday evening in a heavy downpour of rain and arrived at Reval (old name Thallin), capital of Esthonia, shortly before noon the next day. The country crossed during the forenoon was flat, sandy, mostly swamp, or covered with spruce, pine and white poplar or birch. There were many new farm houses under construction, the result of government expropriation and subdivision of large estates. The harvest of oats was under way and potatoes were in bloom. Crops generally looked poor. All the north country is going heavily into dairying, especially the making of butter and cheese for export to Germany and England, and I saw some dairy cows and large barns.

"Reval reminds me somewhat of an Italian hill town, because the old town was on a high bluff, surrounded by a solid stone fortification, with very high towers at intervals, and a broad deep moat or canal outside. There are several very old gothic churches with very high steeples, one said to be the highest in Europe (about 600 feet) that was built about 600 years ago.

"My interviews with the Minister of Agriculture and the chiefs of the statistical bureaus were very satisfactory and I have the promise of complete cooperation in the agricultural census of 1930. They took me over the city and into the surrounding country in an auto. We passed the ruins of one of the oldest churches in this north country, a relic of the religious zeal of the British

bishops of the 12th century when Christianity replaced the old paganism. That evening a banquet was given in my honor at the Social Club, with all kinds of Esthonian dishes, including baked grouse, vodka ad libitum, and several kinds of wine. There was a toast every few minutes, until it became somewhat embarrassing. For two days the local papers ran articles about my mission and about the International Institute of Agriculture.

"For centuries Esthonia was a province of Sweden or Russia and was granted independence after the great war. There has been a great awakening and as a result the people are very ambitious to make a good showing in the family of nations. The country is slightly larger than Belgium and probably about the size of Pennsylvania.

"I left Reval Thursday morning and there was a committee at the wharf to see me off. The boat was a small one, not much larger than a seagoing tug, and it was full to overflowing with passengers. There was a strong wind from the west, the waves rolled high and broke in whitecaps, hitting the boat sideways. The result was that she pitched and rocked violently and continuously from side to side, and in a very few minutes many people were in trouble. At one time there was a line of people hanging over the rail like so many wet towels and they were about as sick and as miserable as people could be. Some of them kept that position for four hours.

"I could have made the trip by aeroplane in forty-five minutes, the Baltic Sea at this point is only about fifty miles wide, but when I consider that in case the boat sank I could at least swim a little, but if the plane dropped I could not fly at all, I decided in favor of the boat.

"The harbor of Helsingfors, capital of Finland, is dotted with islands. In fact, I was told there are more than 40,000 islands belonging to Finland. These islands are all of solid rock,

rounded and smoothed by the action of the great glacial ice cap that once extended from the North Pole over this country. Most of them have spruce and pine trees on them, but there are many that are simply bare rock.

"The approach to Helsingfors is very picturesque and the city is quite modern, with large buildings and beautiful parks. The railway station is one of the finest I have seen. The city has over 200,000 inhabitants, out of a total population of three and a half millions. The country is over 700 miles long and about half as broad, a large part of it under lakes.

"Before I had been in the hotel an hour a reporter called. He had been in the United States and could speak English, and he wrote an account of my mission. I was invited to dine with the Minister of Agriculture and the chiefs of the statistical and economic divisions, and an elegant supper was served. These officials all agreed to cooperate in the census project.

"Saturday noon I left Helsingfors and came by rail across southwestern Finland to Abo, the ancient capital, and there took steamer for Stockholm, where I arrived Sunday morning.

"At the great ~~rail~~ railway station in Helsingfors there had been a serious accident the same morning. A long train came in, the brakes failed to work, and the train plunged head on into the station. The engine buckled sidewise and the succeeding coaches telescoped into each other, reducing five or six of them to kindling wood~~s~~ and killing and injuring ~~a great~~ many people. Gangs of men were clearing up the debris when I left.

"A characteristic feature of the Finnish landscape is the innumerable hillocks and ridges of solid rock, rounded off like boulders, scratched and grooved by the great icebergs of many centuries ago, and now covered with spruce, fir, or pine trees where

there is any soil; and where there is none are carpets and mats of moss of different colors. Between the rocky hillocks are relatively small areas, flat, mostly ~~loam~~ swampy, but where there is drainage are in cultivation. The soil is a dark sandy loam and is cultivated like a kitchen garden. Apparently three-fourths of the country is rocky woods or swamp, and only about ten per cent in cultivation. The state of cultivation is high and the buildings are uniformly well constructed and attractive. Most of them are painted red with white trimmings. I was told that farming on a small scale extends northward several hundred miles and then comes the great 'tundra,' open, barren country with nothing but bushes and moss, the land of the Laplander and reindeer. Southern Finland is in about the same latitude as Hudson Bay and Alaska.

"From six o'clock to 11 o'clock Saturday night we were steaming between a succession of islands, and when I woke up at six the next morning we were still among islands, and we were passing between them until nine o'clock when we arrived at Stockholm. Most of these little islands have neat summer homes on them where the people of Stockholm live during the summer months, and there is quite a fleet of small steamers to take the men back and forth to their work in the city.

"The harbor, or rather one of many harbors, is full of ships and is surrounded by government buildings and great hotels that just now are full of tourists.

"Yesterday was a beautiful sunny October day and after I disposed of my luggage at the hotel I took a long tramp and secured a number of photographs. Had an excellent dinner in the balcony restaurant of the hotel. Then another walk and more photographs, including a visit to the National Museum. I wish you might have been with me to see the paintings, of which there is a fine collection. To me

they were very pleasing because so many of them were of Swedish landscapes, cottage interiors, and peasant life. I spent the rest of the afternoon writing my report to the Institute on results of my visit to Esthonia and Finland.

"Today I visited the American Consul, the Commercial Attache, and the Chief of the Central Bureau of Statistics. Tomorrow I shall have an interview with the Minister of Agriculture and take luncheon with the Chief Statistician.

"It is getting a little too cool for comfort here, so I shall try to hurry on to Oslo, capital of Norway, and then to Copenhagen, capital of Denmark, and south with as little delay as possible.

"I forgot to say that at Reval I received a bunch of letters, including two from you and one from Eunice.

"In the hotel at Helsingfors the room next to mine was labeled 'Badrum,' which is Finnish for bathroom.

"It is a curious thing that ~~in~~ these northern countries all try to regulate the consumption of alcoholic liquors, and have more drunkenness and crime resulting therefrom than the southern countries without regulation. At Riga the law prohibits the serving of liquor on Saturdays, Sundays, and other holidays, and not on other days. In Finland and Norway there is an attempt at total prohibition--with precisely the same results as in the United States--organized, systematic smuggling of poisonous stuff and much drinking by young people of all classes. Here wine and beer may be obtained, but always with food only, and the quantity of spirits is limited as well as the hours when it can be obtained. On the whole I think the Swedish system is the best, far better in its results than total prohibition.

"I was glad when I turned westward from Finland. I shall be gladder yet when I turn southward from Norway, but most glad when my boat heads for America, which I hope will be during the winter months.

"With love to you and all,

Lee."

(1926, August, Stockholm.

E--2085.

Tuesday, August 31, a bright and beautiful day. At 10 a.m. I called at the Ministry of Agriculture and had some difficulty in finding the office of the Minister, because on the first floor of the same building was the Ministry of Justice and the messenger at the entrance could not understand any of my languages and took it for granted that I wanted to see the Minister of Justice. ^{HP} I found the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Helstrom, to be an elderly, gray haired, distinguished looking gentleman who spoke French about as well as I did. He was just a little hazy about the organization and projects of the ministry, but gave me a bulletin written by Prof. Danforth that told the story better than he could. He said that Swedish farmers were having much difficulty over low prices, some prices being below cost of production and others much lower than in countries of large surplus production; that the ~~sugar~~ beet sugar factories were in trouble because the farmers refused to grow beets at the prices offered and some of them were closed; that tariffs established during the war were entirely out of line with present conditions, and that the cost of labor and of living had risen enormously. He said that many projects had been formulated to relieve this situation, but until those projects were enacted into law he did not feel free to discuss them.

^P
In response to further questioning he told me about the establishment of the Royal Agricultural Society of Sweden, of which he was president. He was very cordial and friendly and assured me of complete cooperation. When I first asked him in French if he understood English he smiled, shook his head sadly, and said that when he was a young man about to enter the university he had great admiration for the ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome and, having the choice of studying Greek, Latin, or English, as a foreign language, he had chosen Greek, and that all his life since

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(1926, August, Stockholm.

E--2086.

he had regretted his choice because Greek had never been of the slightest use to him, the language being dead and its literature crystalized, ancient, and wholly outside all that concerns modern life; whereas the study of English is not only quite as good mental discipline as Greek, but it is a living, growing language, probably destined to become the world language; ~~and~~ it has a literature infinitely richer than that of Greece and is constantly growing; ~~and~~ the English speaking peoples had become the greatest factor in the development of modern civilization; and just because as an ignorant young man with ideals he had elected to devote several years of his life to studying Greek and later had been to^o much occupied in the business of earning a living, this great world of English thought, language, ~~and~~ literature, and progress, was more or less a closed book to him.

This expression from an old, shrewd, intelligent. educated, cultured gentleman of long experience and mature judgment in practical affairs, I considered a very high tribute to the value of the English language for both business and cultural purposes. I was pleased to have my own opinion confirmed so unexpectedly from such a source. While I had for many years believed that a knowledge of English was of more intellectual and practical value than Greek or Latin, I always regretted that I had not acquired a reading knowledge of Greek, because one of the intellectual accomplishments of every educated man should be the ability to read the literary classics and masterpieces of the world in the original language in which they ^{were} written, because any literary expression loses some of its finests and most delicate touches and nuances of color and expression in translation.

Dr. Helstrom turned me over to a young official, Mr. Ickander, of the office of the councillor to the minister, who had

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(1926, August, Stockholm.

E--2087.

spent a year at the International Institute of Agriculture as a student and who spoke English and French fairly well. At his suggestion he took me to see Dr. Prof. H. J. Damfelt, an old man of 75 years, who had taken a prominent part in the agriculture of Sweden during his prime. He had represented his country at seven biennial meetings of the General Assembly of the International Institute, beginning with the first convention at Rome in 1905, had written numerous books, among the more recent of which was a History of the Swedish Royal Academy of Agriculture, and an Agricultural Dictionary. In spite of his age he appeared to be vigorous and energetic. Dr. Helstrom was secretary of the Academy, but while serving as Minister of Agriculture ^{Prof.} ~~Mr.~~ Damfelt was acting as secretary. He said that during and immediately following the war the Swedish farmers prospered and paid off their debts, but in recent years they were having difficulty because of low prices and were again falling behind and in debt. He said the agrarian question was not serious in Sweden because most people believed there was about the right proportion between small holdings and large estates. Regarding the organization of agriculture in Sweden, he said that answers to all my questions would be found in his bulletin, a copy of which he gave me, entitled "Apercu sur les Institutions Agricoles." A number of other bulletins bearing on different phases of Swedish agriculture were given me.

At 1 p.m. Mr. Hoijer came to the hotel and was my guest for luncheon. Then we took a taxie to the agricultural museum in the suburbs and the experiment station of the Royal Academy of Agriculture. The museum was especially interesting because of its remarkable collection of plows, threshing machines, gates, churns, and other farm implements. The flower gardens were very attractive and interesting. We walked back to the city over a beautiful country

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(1926, August, Stockholm.

E--2088.

road, seeing on the way some fine large specimens of spruce trees and some large, smooth, rounded, and striated boulders. At the edge of the city we took a street car and rode to a large park in which was a bronze statue of Linnaeus, the famous Swedish botanist. Then we walked across town to the hotel. I discussed with Mr. Hoijer the question of a suitable assistant to be in charge of my Rome office, but he could suggest no one at the time, because it required a knowledge of either English or French, and he thought the prospect would be better in Norway where English was more generally studied.

I stopped at the travel agency to see about my transportation to Oslo and the agent had to confess that he had overlooked my order, but promised to obtain it and leave it with the hotel clerk. Also I obtained my negatives and prints from the photographer.

After an excellent supper I took a short stroll on the esplanade and admired the lights of the city reflected in the harbor. Then to my room to write letters and work on my expense account.

~~(Mother, August 30, gray folder. (2084-a)~~ ✓

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